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D. [illegible]

LORENZO

AND

ONALASKA

BY

JOSEPH ROCCHIETTI

FROM

CASAL

Libertà va cercando ch' è si cara,
Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.

DANTE.

WINCHESTER, VA.
FROM THE PRESS OF BROOKS & CONRAD.
OFFICE OF THE REPUBLICAN.
1835.

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TO ITALY

THE MISFORTUNES OF LORENZO

ARE INSCRIBED.

LORENZO AND OONALASKA.

Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
Thompson.

We hear a great many exalting the civilization of our age; but when we compare the fine precepts which men print for the improvement of society, with the carelessness, we shall not say wickedness, which makes some men to believe it is their interest to leave those sacred books in the corners of libraries, the prey of mice and moths, we cannot help thinking, that from the history of Moses to this age, although arts and sciences have improved the physical welfare of society, our moral is inferior to that of the men of the forest. The reason of our immorality, we hope, will be explained in the course of the following short history of our hero's life; and we shall see, that men of virtue often pass amongst us, not only unnoticed and unrewarded, but, whilst society receives from them the benefit of humane instruction, she pays them with the most ungrateful acts, by slandering their characters, because, like mirrors, they have shown the faults of her face.

From his childhood Lorenzo had been instructed by his mother to avoid all kind of selfishness. As we see a plant growing majestically on a fer-

tile land, spreading delicious fruit for all who approach it, so Lorenzo, from his childhood, gave in silence and with generosity all he had in his possession. One day, going home from school with an unsealed letter written by his teacher to his father, the latter asked Lorenzo if he knew the subject of it.

"My teacher told me it is written for a grave fault I have committed; which, being a too grievous one, thought proper to leave to your discretion the punishment I deserve."

"Did you read it?"

"No; because when once I did, you told me I must not read a letter not being directed to me."

"Well, my son, come now and read it."

It was a letter inveighing against Lorenzo with the most bitter expressions, because my little hero had broke the head of Hugo, one of the schoolboys.

"Why have you done so, Lorenzo?"

"Hugo is the stronger of three boys, who, whilst two of them were holding Charles on the ground, struck my dearest friend with a stick: I was quite neutral in their quarrel; but, seeing such an ungenerous act, I could not help springing at Hugo, so that, after many struggles, becoming in possession of his stick, I struck him on the head, and he fell senseless on the ground."

"My son, if the fact is as you say, which I do not doubt, be more moderate in defending the weaker; but you have done your duty."

"Think, father, that the poor Hugo was brought senseless on his bed, and I do not know if he will

recover. Father, any punishment you may inflict on me will alleviate the pain I feel in my heart for Hugo."

The father embraced his son with tears: he, afterwards, learned with feeling, that Lorenzo had before admonished the three little tyrants not to do so against Charles, and that the two untouched antagonists had threatened him to revenge Hugo.

Once, being at a window with one of his friends, the son of a baker, larger than our little hero, flung stones at them. Lorenzo entreated him to cease; but, finding the baker's son proceeding in his work, Lorenzo went in the street and knocked him down. The mischievous boy, leaving his cap on the ground, went crying away. In about an hour a servant called Lorenzo, who was summoned by his mother to go home, where he found the baker's wife claiming the money for her son's cap.

"Mother, her son has insulted me; and if he lost his cap, it is his own fault not to have picked it up."

"My son, you might be right according to human laws, but you would have done better to follow Jesus, by bearing patiently with your persecutor. Take the box in which you put the money your father gives you when you know your lesson, and give this poor woman the value of her son's cap."

"If it is because she is poor, here is the money, which I give with all my heart; but if I had suffered him to proceed much further, he would have broke the window, and perhaps have wounded my friend or me dangerously."

Whilst the other boys were filling up their memories with Greek and Latin words, which they could not understand, Lorenzo was always putting into exertion the sound moral principles which his mother inculcated upon him, not with vain words, but with her example, from the earliest period of his understanding. One day, while his teacher was endeavoring to explain the moral of a fable of Esop, in which it is related the author gave a cent to a boy who wilfully struck him with a stone, telling him that he would gain more, by striking a richer man, who was at that moment approaching them.

"My mother," said Lorenzo, "would not so have imposed upon his ignorance, because she would have thought such an irony, not being understood by a poor mischievous boy, could drag him into great difficulties; and, indeed, the effect was, that he lost his life on the gallows."

Lorenzo was one of those almost perfect creatures, whom, from time to time, Nature gifts with benevolence, courage, patience, fortitude in adversity, understanding, imagination, sensibility, and manly and commanding presence—gifts, when all combined with a true spirit of liberty in a society where reason cannot be understood, the possessor of it leads a very miserable life. But as the object of this book is only the edition of my esteemed, and persecuted countryman's sentiments, I do not wish to increase the volume of the following letters, which are now in my possession.

TO CHARLES.

Turin.

O terre du passé, que faire en tes collines?
Quand on a mesuré tes arcs et tes ruines,
Et fouillé quelques noms dans l'urne de la mort,
On se retourne en vain vers les vivans; tout dort,
Tout, jusqu' aux souvenirs de ton antique histoire,
Qui te feraient du moins rougir devant ta gloire!
Tout dort, et cependant l'univers est debout!

Lamartine.

The Prince C.... fled into Spain; a great many of my friends left Piedmont; Austria invades Italy; and the sound of liberty repeated every where is now silent. My mother and sisters, with tears rolling down their cheeks, wish me in Switzerland, fearing the government might cast me into prison. Indeed, if they will not doom me like G..., who lost his noble life by the hands of a vile executioner, a perpetual confinement might be my end. Now I never go out without two pistols in my pocket; but what can these avail against the strongest? I, who wanted nothing but the rights of man, and sacrificed the whole of my property for my country, am now obliged to live as an outlaw. Dear mother, dear sisters! how can I leave you, now destitute of every thing? The infamous tyrants, not satisfied to see us deprived of our whole property on earth, took from your mouth your daily support. But now, what can I do? I cannot stay longer in the land of my nativity. My dear father fell on the field of honor; my brother Henry was hanged for having been another Gracchus; and my bro-

ther-in-law Jacopo, and brother Hippolitus, are now fighting in Spain for the same cause of liberty. Charles, the sorrow carved on the beautiful foreheads of my sisters is enough to make me cry like a child! How different now the house of my father! If thy soul, my worthy father, see from heaven all the calamities we are undergoing by having followed thy heavenly eloquence, alas! pray the Creator of this wicked earth to send forth the thunder of his wrath on the heads of our persecutors.

A great many are passing their lives like streams meandering in a delicious garden of smiling flowers and refreshing shades. In my past life, my existence was embittered with seeing every thing injuring my liberal education; and now, I see nothing before me but a dreadful desert.

P. S. In writing to me, address your letter to Geneva. LORENZO.

Fearing to wound the delicacy of a respectable family, we omit all particular concerns and scraps, which would only increase our volume without purpose.

TO LORENZO.

Paris.

Et pourquoi craindre la furie
D'un injust dominateur?
N'est-il pas une autre patrie
Dans l'avenir consolateur?
Ainsi, quand tout fléchit dans l'empire du monde,
Hors la grande âme de Caton,
Immobile, il entend la tempête qui gronde,
Et tient, en méditant, l'éternité profonde,
Un poignard d'une main, et de l'autre Platon.

Delille.

But is not the country of thy Charles open to thee? Come with me to England. The days of our sports are past, my dear Lorenzo. How often I recollect the university in which we received an education so contradictory to the iron government of thy country! Who would have believed the sentiments of Cicero, Cato, Plato, Dante, Petrarch, and Machiavel, could have made unhappy my best friend Lorenzo? I will remember all my life when thou, in reading Bruto Secondo of Alfieri, spokest with such sublime eloquence against the oppressors of thy country. I feel yet a chill. If the Italian people had been present at thy oration, thou wouldst not now be obliged to flee from thy tyrants. I receive several journals from Italy, and particularly from Milan, whose pens, being sold to the German government, have the impudence to disregard every Italian genius of liberal sentiment.

Do tell me what thou wantest. I am rich. Not only is my whole property ready for thee—

my blood, my life also. I do not know thy present situation: when I think of that in which some of thy countrymen are now, I feel my hair stand straight up on my head. CHARLES.

In passing through the mountains of Savoy, Lorenzo met with a band of bandits.

"Here is all my money," said Lorenzo, taking out a purse in which he had three hundred livres: it was the scanty sum his mother saved from their confiscated property. But one of those outlaws, recognizing Lorenzo, said to the others not to bereave him of that subsistence, since he had seen Lorenzo fighting for the rights of the people in those last failing struggles.

"Well," answered another fellow, "keep your money: we are taking it only from the aristocrats' pockets." "God bless you, sir," said they all; and, proceeding on their way, left Lorenzo in a thousand philosophical reflections. On arriving in Switzerland he endeavored to give lessons; but as it often occurs that man avoids man in necessity, although Lorenzo was a scholar, and an eminent teacher, he was neglected.—So Voltaire:

"Les méchans sont hardis; les sages sont timides."

For more than a year, he lived only on bread and water; but when his ability became known, he gained a great deal of money, part of which he sent to his mother and sisters; but feeling a sympathy for Greece, he went to Missolonghi with

letters of recommendation to one of the heroes of that city, the worthy Bozaris.

We find, among Lorenzo's papers, the following copy of a letter, which seems to have been written to one of his creditors, when he was in a most heart-breaking situation:

SIR: *Geneva.*

I have received from my family two hundred livres, which I was anxious to send you immediately, and deliver myself from your insupportable persecution; but, finding I was debtor also to a gentleman who, although he does not live so comfortably as you, never asked me for a single livre; beside, having dealt equitably with me, which you did not, I determined to follow the laws of reason, by doing at first my duty to him.—Spare your trouble in sending every week for your money, since my intention is to leave not a single sous of debt.

TO CHARLES.

Missolonghi.

La verità nelle anime corrotte è come il tuono che mugghia nelle tombe, ma non risveglia i cadaveri. *Pananti.*

I cannot understand the Romaic; but, in general, the Italian language is tolerably well understood here. The state of Greece is in great danger; they have a great many intestine divisions: however I am determined to be either conqueror

or conquered for the good cause. A man must operate according to his own sentiments. The greater part of Greece is for freedom. I shall do all a man ought to do against the tyrants of an oppressed people. And when shall we see our rights established among men? The Pope, not feeling the interest his predecessor felt in the time of the crusades, does not impart his holy blessings in favor of his own christianity, against the believers of Mahomet, because he prefers to sustain his temporal holiness with the diabolical alliance of kings, than to be crowned in heaven by the hand of Jesus: and now he is silent as a convict before the judges. LORENZO.

TO CHARLES.

Missolonghi.

La nature appelle en vain à elle le reste des hommes; chacun d'eux se fait d'elle une image qu' il revêt de ses propres passions. Il poursuit, toute sa vie, ce vain fantôme qui l'égare, et it se plaint ensuite au ciel de l'erreur qu' il s'est formée lui même. *Paul et Virginie.*

From my window I see the Turks surrounding the city of the most brave Greeks. Will men always be in contradiction with themselves? Behold, Charles, within the walls of this city, men struggling against tyranny, and a greater number without ready to slay the former, because they took arms to defend their own rights. And for whom are those Turks now fighting against us? For the

Sultan! for a man swimming in a haram of pleasures: for a man who shuts up their daughters in golden rooms, because they were the prettiest of the country: and after having shed their blood on the field, they present willingly their heads to the executioner, if the freak should pass through their master's brain of seeing their heads on the ground. And do you believe, Charles, they would be so blind, if they were not under the creed of Mahomet? So Lucretius—

"Bantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

Write to my mother to tell my sister Carlotta, not to be alarmed about my situation. From the very moment that we, poor creatures of clay, breathe the breath of life, we are doomed to make the first step towards the occident, among a thousand dangers, which very often put an end to us before the short period of 75 years of age. And, does this life of calamities deserve an attachment? My life is nothing else but a little spark, losing itself in infinity of atoms; and when the molecules will be dissipated, it shall be the same as it was, obscurity around its little circle. Before the end of it, I am told, by my dear father, to act with honor and integrity towards the sufferers: I feel his own soul in my heart: and if I have a son, I would teach him the same principles: liberty, or death. While my soul animates this frame, I will act according to my own reason: nothing is more painful for me than when I am in contradiction with myself. Nobody, I think, can have more se-

sibility than my sister; and I tremble for her health: she is so delicate—my tears drop on this paper! I cannot proceed writing about her. Tell my sisters I am cheerful in danger, and thoughtful in prosperity: and if I have any thing dear on earth, and which attaches me to this existence, it is knowing I am the object of the thought of our family, and the brother of my dear Carlotta.

LORENZO.

TO CHARLES.

Missolonghi.

J'erre maintenant sans patrie. Quand je ne serai plus, aucun ami ne mettra un peu d'herbe sur mon corps pour le garantir des mouches. Le corps d'un étranger malheureux n'intéresse personne. *Chateaubriand.*

Greece is swimming in her sacred blood; and I have now very little hope of seeing her free. These annals deserve another Tacitus. Walking one day in the environs of Geneva, I met a Greek, with whom I proceeded towards Salève. The poor old man cried like a child in relating his misfortunes. If in five months he did not pay a debt of two thousand livres to a Turk, this believer in Mahomet would become the master of his wife and children; and his daughters obliged to marry him. They were at that time in his possession. The people of that country were raising a subscription for the poor Greek. May it please God to give a perpetual enjoyment of liberty to the nation of Tell.

And why do not all nations shake hands with each other, and crush to death the few tyrants of this planet? Shall we always be obliged to exclaim with Campbell—

"Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?"

LORENZO.

TO CHARLES.

Missolonghi.

Ainsi, quand Galilée accusé de génie,
Subit d'une prison l'illustre ignominie,
Les juges, qu'a son joug l'ignorance attachait
Disaient: la terre est fixe...et la terre marchait.

Bignan.

It is not to one whose idol is money; it is not to one who believes he has reached the top of reason by having become insensible to every thing; it is not to him whose friendship grows cold towards his friend when he knows his fortune has been lost, I am now writing this letter; not to an individual who feels no interest but towards his relations or happy friends, without giving a look of compassion on misfortune, from whom they have no hope of reward. I write to you, dear Charles, whose country is the globe, because every where it is inhabited by suffering beings: to you, whose religion is neither a hypocritical dress of vices, nor an intolerable ignorance and superstition. Wearied of being confined within these walls of Missolonghi, I perused to-day several books which

came to my hand; and passing so my time with those men, from whom we learn to become better, I cried like a child in reading the misfortunes of their lives.

> " N'a-t-il pas expié par trois ans de prison
> L'inexcusable tort d'avoir trop tôt raison?"

The selfishness of thousands and thousands of tyrants, is not sufficient to degrade humanity, when we think that a Socrates and an Aristides were men too. When we see Mutius Scævola putting his right hand in the fire without manifesting the least symptom of pain in his countenance, we feel ourselves dignified. When I cast my eyes on the times which are passed, I feel for those geniuses who consumed their lives for the improvement of an ungrateful society who often committed them into prison, or left them dying on the straw.....

LORENZO.

The heroes of Missolonghi, seeing the impossibility of defending their post, in blowing up the city buried themselves with a greater number of Turks. Lorenzo had been one of the few spared from that destruction: he went under another Greek banner, and fought during all the campaign, in which he had been wounded once in the left arm by a ball, and a second time in the left thumb by the hanger of a Turk, whom, after a long struggle, Lorenzo took prisoner. But the despotical cabinet of Europe having acted in a manner unworthy the sons of Themistocles and Leonidas, he went back

into Switzerland. Knowing verylittle of the agitated life of our hero from the time of the insurrection in Italy, which happened in the year 1821, to the epoch he came back to Lausanne, in which country resided a great many Italian emigrants, whom, whilst Lorenzo was in Greece, the government of Switzerland had been forced to send away by order of the despotical powers surrounding that Republic, we shall only transcribe the following letters, written from the Cantons of Vaud and Geneva.

TO CHARLES.

Lausanne.

Il n'était pas difficile de voir que, s'il est impossible que dans la société tous les individus qui la composent aient le même degré de puissance et de richesses, il est pourtant juste que tous jouissent dans la même proportion de la protection de la loi civile, ce à quoi tendait effectivement l'esprit des lois romaines. *Botta.*

I believe the elected souls do not enjoy more pleasure than I do every morning in beholding a cloudless sky. The solitude in which now I live is for me an Elysium. I will change that uncultivated land on the mountain, into a delightful Eden; I shall see the branches of those trees I have planted, loaded with fruit; and thou, dear Charles, when wearied of thy society, wilt come to pour all thy cares into my bosom, I shall shew thee from under the beech-tree, which is on the top of the hill, this fine country. The dinners I take with Bran, under the cool bower, are delightful: thou shouldst be very much pleased in seeing thi

extraordinary dog! It is a present of Oonalaska, a young lady from thy country....Here, I do not see the rich paying with usury the poor who served him with the sweat of his brow. Here, I do not see a beauty, the slave of superfluities: thou mightest have all the virtues of Socrates, the strength of Hercules, and the beauty of Ganymedes; if thou art not rich, thou wilt be loved by such a woman, as if thou wert an Esop without his wit.

I do not know whether it is in being out of my father's house, or my strange position in a society I dislike; but when I was in the most miserable situation, in walking through a crowd of people, every body seemed to me without sentiment....

A superstitious veneration for Kings, spoils our understanding. Behold that nation loving the son of Alexander for no other reason than that of being the son of the conqueror of the world. Ulysses threw Astyanax from the tower, fearing the people might put him on the throne of his ancestors. History teaches us the people had always been just when the leaders were so; and when they had committed faults, it was from the influence of a deceitful man who gilded bad logic with eloquence. So that, sometimes, nations are fighting not for their common rights, they shed their blood to put on the throne the son of their King, who, as the story relates, had not only degenerated from his father's virtues, but too often became their most shocking tyrant. It seems that men like to kiss the hand which strikes them; and afterwards they become so fond of their master, that they try to

demonstrate, that man is not born to live under a free constitution; and wishing to cover their shame, they endeavor to shew defects among Republics, whilst they are unaware their servitude so dimmed their eyes that they cannot see the eagle's flight.

Here I am neither obliged to speak haughtily to the clown, nor affectionately to those of exalted birth. I may now linger on objects agreeable to me, without losing time in insignificant attentions and ceremonies which people bestow one upon another. If sad, the cheerfulness of others seems an insult to you; and if cheerful, you incur the disgust of being laughed at, by a concealed rival, who is waiting the moment of your goodness, eccentricity, or inattention, to injure you.

I find among animals something more than that which divines call a mere natural instinct to avoid pains and death. The animal feels something more than self love. We see men so much attached to the study of philosophy, becoming insensible to every thing that recoils from reason. Codrus, Curtius, Decius, and Peter Micca going willingly to certain death, the love of their country being superior to the love of themselves: a lover for his mistress, and a mother for her child: so that, we see this noble feeling more or less among animals too. Yesterday seeing a nest in a bush, and being anxious to know if the little ones would take any crumbs from my hand, I approached them, when suddenly their mother flew against my face, and with cries of lamentation pecked me with the bra-

very of a lion. I retired from that awful place with veneration. I brought to-day something for them to eat to the foot of that sacred bush: and I will do it hereafter, until I shall hear the cheerful notes of her reconciliation.

Take from man the love of glory, humanity is nothing but idle clay moving about, without purpose. The construction of this mysterious universe forces us to think there is a Divinity beyond our reach, inspiring us continually with the love of glory. It makes us poets or historians to eternize the deeds of our predecessors. Hence the songs of the country inspire those hearts susceptible of love with a desire to signalize themselves, by imitating their fathers' virtues: the love of ourselves creates pictures whence to represent, either the glorious battles of a generous captain, or the happy fields where industry had caused to bloom a happy age. What more? The love of ourselves creates laws, without which society would be a forest of tigresses. LORENZO.

Between the above letter and the following, there is an interval of about a year, in which we know nothing of him but from rumor. We heard the aristocratical party of that country, when speaking about Lorenzo, describing him with malicious colors, whilst the poor were giving blessings to the whimsical, (so he was epitheted,) shy, brave, and generous Italian gentleman who resided at the foot of Jura. All we know with certainty, is, that Mr. Ethelbert, an English gentleman, having tra-

velled with his wife Elizabeth and daughter Oonalaska through France and Italy, stopped in Geneva for a long while, and there became acquainted with Lorenzo, who at that time taught Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. Oonalaska became one of his pupils, and her father and mother were so pleased with Lorenzo's society, that they loved him as a son; so that, this English family excepted, our hero lived in seclusion from other society, meditating on the writings of Plato and Rousseau.

TO GARNERI.

Canton de Vaud.

Je le lisais partout ce nom rempli de charmes,
Et je le relisais, et je versais des larmes.
D'un éloge enchanteur toujours environné,
A mes yeux éblouis il s'offrait couronné.
Je l'écrivais...bientôt je n'osais plus l'écrire,
Et mon timide amour se changeait en sourire.
Il me cherchait la nuit, il bergait mon sommeil;
Il resonnait encore autour de mon réveil:
Il errait dans mon souffle, et lorsque je soupire
C'est lui qui me caresse et que mon cœur respire.

Mad. Desbordes.

The winter is passed: the spring smiles every where. Few books, and the warbling of birds, give me a charming existence. Yesterday morning I rowed on the Leman Lake with a fisherman. In going to my residence, which lies on the shore, the twilight was reflecting on the steady water, and the fine tale of Rousseau was passing through my imagination with lively colors: but Oonalaska was not at my side! Garneri, in reading her name,

do you see, like me, every thing smiling around you? The love I feel for Oonalaska has changed this earth into a garden of heaven.

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

Lausanne.

Toi qui m'aimas peut-être, ou dont l'art séducteur
Par l'ombre de l'amour trompa du moins mon cœur!
Qu' importe que le tien ne fût qu'un doux mensonge?
Je fus heureux par toi; tout bonheur est un songe!

Lamartine.

Emma wrote to me. It is not a love-letter; she pities my situation, and tells me she has found a way by which I can get, with my work, a daily support. However, although she tells me I am very proud because I did not receive her money, it is a kind letter; and I may say with the "Lettres d'une Péruvienne, 'Le poids de la reconnoissance est bien léger quand on ne le reçoit que des mains de la vertu'": so that, with her magic writing folded on my bosom, the last night I was contemplating from my window the firmament of myriads of other solar systems. Mont Blanc was reflecting from the Leman, still as a mirror, the silver brightness of the moon: a river of thoughts was passing through my mind, when, hearing the clock strike four in the morning, I went to bed. Those who never enjoyed the pleasure of a smiling landscape, who never felt the heavenly sentiment at the idea of being beloved, did never exist.

Our best enjoyments are those created by our imagination; and if not so, Lorenzo, I should be unhappy. Reason, which makes us patient children of our sufferings, cannot mitigate the conscious sentiment of being unnoticed by the object of our love. Although dragged like me from our country, Lorenzo, you are now not so unhappy as I: an angel leads you by the hand, feeling for you as Heloise felt for Abeillard: "Nihil unquam, Deus scit, in te requisivi: te pure, non tua concupiscens. Non matrimonii fœdera, non dotes aliquas expectavi, non denique meas voluptates, aut voluntates, sed tuas sicut ipse nosti, adimplere studui." So, your fair Oonalaska. I am, Lorenzo, destitute of all your gifts of nature, and I love Emma without hope, since nature has given me a soul full of sensibility in a frame incapable to inspire in her a sentiment of love for me; and this earth without love, can it be any thing else than a vast and cold desert of warlike ravens?

GARNERI.

Garneri had so delicate a soul, that his corporal qualities were imperfect: he was one of the greatest of moralists: if he had not been obliged to leave his country for politics, Italy would have had another Franklin in him. Being daily obliged to work for his existence, he lost the best part of his time in writing ciphers on a merchant's book; but, having portrayed Emma in such lively colors, afterwards he was reputed one of the best limners of the country, and gained a great deal of

money. One day, being occupied on like business, a boy entered his room, asking him a thousand pardons for having insulted him the day before on the street by asking him if he would sell his hump.

"You did not notice me," said the boy; "it seemed, sir, you were pre-occupied with some serious thoughts; and when I reached home, I heard you had just come from our house, where you had given money to my father, whom you saw surrounded by my little brothers and sisters in want."

TO LORENZO.

Bern.

God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change: all please alike.

Milton.

We have been in several parts of Switzerland: if I were to write you the description of every place which pleased me, I could not be able to finish this letter in a week. When we shall have returned to Geneva, I will have the pleasure to tell you every thing. I sat down on the very place where the son of William Tell was put with an apple on his head by order of Gessler. Write for me a sonnet in your fine language on this subject: I want some poetical composition from you. I found in this city a friend of yours, who gave me some of your French verses. He does not know he has given me what I most value on earth.

My father and mother send their love to their son Lorenzo. Good-by, my dear brother: I long for the pleasure of seeing you in Geneva in a short time. OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Geneva.

As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back;
It started back: but pleased I soon return'd;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. *Milton.*

Since you left Geneva, every pleasure is gone from me. I began a thousand things, and I finished none. Bran, the only companion of my solitude, seems to partake my despondency. A few nights ago, I caught the man who stole a great many flowers from your garden: he has been so much frightened, that I believe his promise to come no more.

GUGLIELMO TELL.

Sonetto.

Colui che veggio di soldati cinto,
Si: Gessler egli è desso: il dice il volto
Ebro di gioia nel veder lo stolto
Ahi! propolo tremante in lacci avvinto.
Guglielmo è quegli: mira l'occhio tinto

D'alto furor che serba in cor ravvolto.
Ma quel fanciul dal biondo crine incolto,
Or or cader vedrò nel sangue estinto?
Stilla cade sull'arco! al punto è fiso:
D'orror silenzio regna universale,
E colle mani ognun nasconde il viso.
Mentr'esce dalla mischia irato un uomo
Per afferrar del padre il crudo strale
Fischia, la fronte lambe, invola il pomo.

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

Bern.

Notre cœur est un instrument incomplet, une lyre où il manque de cordes, et où nous sommes forcés de rendre les accens de la joie sur le ton consacré aux soupirs.—*Falkland.*

A heart and feelings in perfect unison with ours, are most difficult to be met with. Education and custom oblige us to suppress natural feeling, and appear in the world the thing we are not; and, if by chance, supposing ourselves friends, nature asserting her rights, we shew ourselves as we are and as we ought to be, malice and envy immediately set to work to make us every thing we are not: so defame that merit which they cannot help inwardly acknowledging, until disgusted with the world, and its littleness, we retire within ourselves, and look upon it with contempt. Miserable is that being whose heart is formed with every kind feel-

ing towards his fellow-creatures; yet, looks around in vain for one congenial mind, into whose bosom it may pour the rich treasure of its affection: it fears to love, lest it meets with coldness and contempt: it fears to place confidence, lest it be betrayed: thus, the heart which possesses every requisite to make others happy, cannot be so in itself: its best feelings are chilled, its best affections are nipped in the bud: thus the mind, having no external object on which it can repose itself, is obliged to have recourse to those intellectual pursuits, which can then alone render life desirable, by diverting its thoughts from its unoccupied feelings. But, there are moments, when even these pursuits, delightful as they may be, are not all-sufficient.

If, in our pilgrimage through life, we chance to find one being who seems capable of understanding us, who thinks and feels as we do, to whom it is not necessary to explain our feelings, with what pleasure do we look on, and converse with that being. The soul seems to have formed its better half, unto which it expands with delight; all is instantly seen through another medium; to the heartlessness of the world we are no longer sensible; our pains are mitigated, and our pleasures heightened.

I want a true definition of the word society, Lorenzo: I believe that we abuse such a heavenly word, since we call society a great many persons crowded in a room, whilst you see among them nothing but feelings of self-interest: it seems to me that the society of snow-birds or geese are

more deserving than ours, though we call ourselves reasonable creatures.

I read in the newspapers an account of your emigrate friend Santa-Rosa. I feel a great deal for him, whom I saw several times in Lausanne with others of your countrymen. Write for me a sonnet on his departure for Greece. It might be, as you say, it is my friendship which makes me feel your verses; but since for me nothing is superior, why will you not give me such enjoyment?

OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Geneva.

There is a certain string which, if properly struck, the human heart is made to answer. *Blair.*

Thy friendship is a gift which heaven sent on earth to fill me with love to men. Thy letter, Oonalaska, inspires me with a tenderness which is no stranger to my heart: the idea that thou thinkest of me, makes dear my life, mankind seems to partake of thy angelic feeling, and my soul rejoices.

You ask me to define society? Examine your heart, Oonalaska, and you will find a plain explanation of it. The following lines of the Spectator will give you a sufficient idea of a good being's influence over society: "He does not seem," says he, "to contribute any thing to the mirth of the

company; and yet, upon reflection, you find it all happened by his being there." Excuse my praise; but, how can I write to you without thinking of your qualities? Examine your heart I say, and you will find you are the soul of society. It is not your fair presence which animates all who surround you: it would be a faint quality without the goodness of your heart which shines around your angelic person. Where is the man or woman who does not desire to become as kind as you? Every person in the circle of your society feels an encouragement to become better; and as they cannot do otherwise than love you, in the very moment you are their superior, they enjoy the agreeable sentiment of seeing you wishing to be no more than their equal. A sentiment quite contrary to that vulgar countenance of a great many smiling, conceited coquettes or coxcombs, who, not knowing how to do better, are continually striving to show superiority over all those who surround them. But, whilst they fatigue their society, they are doing nothing but to tire themselves; and, when getting home, believing to have been the soul of the evening party, they pass the next day in criticising those who could not take a part in such dandy fastidiousnesses.

Where are those times in which men did not clog the most noble feeling with which nature gifted humanity? Unhappy race! Ye dance at the clinking of your chains. But when, ambitious man, didst thou feel in thy heart a real pleasure amidst

thy noisy fineries? Thou canst not enjoy the love for which nature created us.

Tanto m'aggrada il tuo comandamento,
Che l'ubbidir, se già fosse, m' è tardi. *Dante.*

LA PARTENZA DI SANTA-ROSA PER LA GRECIA.

Sonetto.

Gli occhi all' Italia intenti avea il guerriero,
E sulla fronte stavagli lo sdegno;
Il cuore gli rodeva il destin fero,
E di Nettuno il pin solcava il regno.
Un Genio si vedea di pianto pregno
Volare intorno lo stendardo nero,
Che, dal vento agitato, dava il segno
Là guerra fa il Sultano al Dio-vero.
L'ombre di Machiavelli, Alfieri e Dante
Scendean accompagnate da Bellona,
E Libertà l'ali spiegava innante.
Portavan, le tre destre che vergàro
Gli umani dritti, laurea corona,
E a Santa-Rosa in capo la posàro.

It is with pleasure, Oonalaska, I heard some gentlemen of Geneva wishing to blot out capital penalty from human laws. We have only to read history, and we shall find the increasing of pains had only augmented crimes when the legislators did so, without providing for the poor wretches upon whom society had turned the back. Let us give to every body the means of sustaining themselves, and then, like Alfred of England, we shall have the satisfaction of hanging golden bracelets

on public roads, with the certainty that nobody would touch them. I transcribe a sonnet I wrote on this subject.

SULL' ABBOLIZIONE DELLA PENA DI MORTE.

Sonetto.

Apri del santuario omai le porte;
Sorge una legge degna di Solone,
Temi, dai re negletta; in bando pone
Dell' uomo degradato orribil morte.
Ma se a virtude ride amica sorte,
Ove s'inalzi un giovane Scipione,
Ognuno s'incoraggi a bella azione,
Si frangan di miseria le ritorte:
Ove lo merto personal s'onori,
E non di nobil padre infame figlio;
Ove il lusso le vergini non sfiori:
La religion non metta iniquo artiglio
Di Libertà sui cari, sacri allori,
Diva, chi, merterà lo tuo cipiglio?

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

Neufchatel.

Last night I went to a ball, at which, instead of enjoying the society of each other, I found a great many strangers wanting only to show a consciousness of superiority over their fellow beings. It would seem that such aristocratic creatures go

into society with no other purpose than as candidates for king and queen, to secure the favor of their inferiors. I would not give an hour of your society, Lorenzo, for all the balls of the universe. In the house we are at present, we have a company congenial to me. In a few days we shall be in Geneva, where I intend "educare la famiglia dei fiori," which you have protected from the rapacity of the nocturnal man.

OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Geneva.

Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

Johnson.

Ode.

Lascia le danze, ingenua,
Figlia de la bellezza;
Lascia il rumor le veglie,
Che il mondo tanto apprezza.
Aspersi d'amarissime
Pene son tai contenti:
Restan, passati, deboli,
Vani sovvenimenti.
Merta piaceri stabili
Il tuo ben fatto cuore:
Da tuoi grand'occhi l'anima
Uscire vidi fuore.

D'ambrosia e in un di nettare
Sentii l'aura impregnata;
Ed oltre l'alte nuvole
La mia fu trasportata.
Divo piacer non abita
Sulla terrestre mole;
Lieve, sublime e celere
Vola di là del Sole.
Lascia il teatro insipido
De'grami tempi nostri:
Non più sentir altissimo
Echeggiar fa suoi chiostri.
Le sole note musiche
Ornan pensier snervati;
E intanto la tirannide
Beviam de'sciagurati.
Lascia l'amaro calice
Che l'uomo porge all'uomo:
Tutti quaggiù contendonsi
Della Discordia il pomo.
Vieni negli amenissimi
Campi de la Natura:
Là, su que' colli liberi,
Spirar un' aura pura.
Su rupi solitarie
Vivremo là contenti;
E cangieransi in giubilo
I lunghi miei lamenti.
Al sorger de' crepuscoli
Corrò li freschi fiori
In compagnia de'zefiri,
Di Flora e degli amori.

E mentre i sogni aleggiano
Dintorno al casto letto,
Alle tue nari eburnee
Accosterò il mazzetto.
Ove fragranza diati
Sogno di paradiso,
Vedrò sul labbro, estatico,
L'almo tuo bel sorriso.
Sorgi, dirò, vivifica
La terra, il mare, il cielo:
Le rose appese al talamo
Curvan per te lo stelo.
Quindi sui campi correre,
Cinti di primavera;
Alzare i nostri cantici
Alla stellata sera:
O sotto un lauro leggere
I pianti di Malvina,
O coll' Ariosto ridere
Della rugosa Alcina.
All'ombra di que' salici
Mirar del rivo l'onda;
O sul lago ceruleo
Solcare l'altra sponda.
E mentre il giardin educa
Tua mano delicata,
Coll' incurvato vomere
Fendo la terra grata.
Sotto la fresca pergola,
Su quel ridente prato,
Ove gli uccelli libransi,
Là, pranzeremo allato.

Eco farà mia cetera
Al nobile tuo canto:
Ti narrerò di Tacito
La storia: Achille al Xanto.
La morte di Temistocle
Sgorgar faratti il brio
D'una sublime lagrima
Che renderammi un Dio.
Così passando i labili
Giorni di morte a strida,
Non saran mai monotoni
Se la virtù ci guida.
L'uomo di senno misero
Senz' immaginazione,
La chiama vita insipida
Sol dato all'ambizione.
Intento negli amabili
Tuoi occhi indagherò
Tutto ciò che desideri.
Vieni, t'adorerò.

LORENZO.

Oonalaska was playing on the harp, when Lorenzo entered her room.

"Why do you not proceed, Oonalaska."

"I shall; but, after so long an absence, I want to tell you a great many things."

They sat down near a window, from whence the lake of Geneva presented a beautiful landscape.

"How fine is now that lake, Lorenzo!"

"Very much so."

"Do you see the steamboat?"

"I see it reflected in your eyes."

She smiled and blushed; and after a rapturous moment of interchanged looks, with her innocent manners, Oonalaska related all the little adventures of their voyage. Afterward she took the Vicar of Wakefield; and, in presenting it to Lorenzo, she asked if he had ever read that fine tale."

"I have, Oonalaska; but every time I open it, it seems always new to me."

"Well, Lorenzo, read it now for me, whilst I am sewing this handkerchief for my father."

He read; but the fine descriptions of that little book could not prevent our reader from stopping, when he saw a tear rolling down the cheek of Oonalaska.

"Well, Lorenzo, to-morrow we will proceed from this touching passage: for the moment I will fulfil my promise."

She took her harp, and with an expressive voice, she sung: "Di piacer mi balza il cor."

The sunset was giving his last ray to the horizon of the lake of Geneva, when Lorenzo took leave of Oonalaska. In going home, which was about two miles from that of Mr. Ethelbert, the full moon was enlightening the walk, which his lovely thoughts rendered still more delightful; and whilst he saw no obstacles before his future happiness, his imagination was in extacy. But did the sky ever shine a long time for a worthy man of this earth?

TO LORENZO.

Geneva.

Come, Lorenzo, and vivify all nature which surrounds me. You request me to scrutinize your actions, but I cannot find a single imperfection in you: my friendship cannot have blinded me, since the feeling I have towards you is grounded upon the knowledge I had of your fine qualities. Oh! teach me, Lorenzo, the means of becoming perfect; every defect you will point out to me, will confer the greatest favor on your Oonalaska, whose only desire is to become the worthy friend of Lorenzo.

Why, Lorenzo, does it happen to me, that very seldom I meet with people not wounding my feelings?

OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Nime.

Heureux qui, s'éloignant pendant que l'erreur dure,
Emporte dans son cœur une image encore pure!
Qui peut, dans les horreurs de son triste avenir,
Nourir comme un flambeau quelque cher souvenir,
Et ne voit pas du moins, en perdant ce qu' il aime,
Cette idole qui tombe ou qu' il brisa lui même,
D'un bonheur qui n'est plus, étaler les débris
Où l'éternel remords rampe auprès du mépris.

Lamartine.

Leave, Oonalaska, the speech of imagination: it has too great power on my mind when it comes from you: do not praise my good qualities if you

find any in me. When I will do any thing deserving your approbation, your silence will be enough: but, praises, flowing from lips so dear, may raise my vanity.

When we step aside from nature, that is to say, when we go a step towards society, our reason and feeling undergo sufferings at every moment. Example, Oonalaska, is so powerful, that when society has any faults, though willing to become better, we are forced to do like others, lest we should run the chance of being thought singular. A total loneliness, changes us into savages; and our sensibility, in a short time, falls into susceptibility. So Byron:

> "Alone I could not
> Nor would be happy: but, with those around us,
> I think I could be so."

Man is the only creature on earth worthy of society; still, society becomes a burthen to those, who see selfishness destroying even the enjoyments of selfishness itself. Like crowds of people, who, with eagerness press around an object of curiosity, that instead of making a large circle, throw themselves one upon another: and then, not only do they obstruct the view of those, who are behind them; but injure themselves by intercepting the light from the object of their curiosity. So, life is nothing but the anxiety of misers. Whilst nature can impart to all her children her benefits with an incredible liberality, they are doing nothing else, than losing time to agglomerate fortune to the loss of others.

When heaven sends any philanthropist on this miserable planet, to teach us we are the sons of the Almighty, such a virtuous man becomes oftener the victim of envy, because, like the sun, he brings to light the deeds that vice covets to conceal in darkness. Posterity may put him on the altar of reason; but, sometimes history is unjust, or cannot produce in evidence all generous actions which too often are stained by infernal hypocrisy. So Shakspear: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

LORENZO.

Mr. Ethelbert, finding his daughter in love with Lorenzo, one day he called the latter in his private room.

"Lorenzo," said he, "your sincerity leads me to perceive your love towards my daughter. I would have no objection if your political sentiments were like mine: however, after having been disappointed in your noble struggles, I find no reason why you should not renounce your democracy. I am a rich man in England, and I have this only daughter: should you coincide with me, not only Oonalaska is your wife; but, with my means and your talents, I promise you an eminent place in London."

"Dear sir," replied Lorenzo, "I love Oonalaska, and could not be happy had I all the world without her. But, sir, you are not bound as I am in behalf of my sentiments towards a Republic. I admire your politeness and hospitality, Mr. Ethelbert, in not having opposed my sentiments: but,

permit me only to tell you, that the cause I advocate is but the progress of education, which will bring all nations to banish any other government but that in favor of plurality. But, from this moment, in paying homage to your gentility, I will always be silent on this subject."

"No, Lorenzo, it cannot be, unless you abandon your principles."

"It is impossible, Mr. Ethelbert; a few days before my dear father expired on the field of honour, he made me swear against every other principle of politic but those of Brutus, Cato, and Washington."

"It is with a breaking heart I must tell you, Lorenzo, you cannot be my son-in-law."

It was enough for Lorenzo to understand that Mr. Ethelbert, in telling him he could not be his son-in-law, he was too polite for objecting further visits. So that, without uttering a single word to Oonalaska, with a heart-break, Lorenzo took leave from the object of all his hopes.

In going home, Lorenzo felt quite a contrary sentiment from few evenings before: the moon was not up, and the scenery, in which love was presented so delightfully to his hopeful imagination, was now as gloomy as his mind. After a week, a servant of Oonalaska brought him the following letter:

TO LORENZO.

Coligny.

What keeps you from me so long? I have been informed you are not sick. Last night, Lorenzo,

I had a dreadful dream : it seemed you were dying in my arms; when I was awaked by mother, I found myself suffused in tears. Oh, Lorenzo, a terrible presentiment threatens me; oh, relieve me from such a terrible situation !

OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Geneva.

We are not born for happiness, Oonalaska; but, who is happy here below ? However, I cannot complain against my fortune, when I think that all the powers of the world cannot affect your kindness towards me. Yes, Oonalaska, it is forbidden for us to see each other once more; it would do nothing but increase our passion; but, I carry into my solitude, the consoling idea that you will never forget me. It is neither distance, nor length of time, which can disunite our souls. Time, whilst it wrinkles our faces, purifies our thoughts; and, in strengthening our reason, will endear more and more our friendship. But, although I think with Chateaubriand: "L'âme a besoin, pour se développer dans toute sa force, d'être ensevelie quelque temps sous les rigueurs de l'adversité;" nevertheless, the pain of our separation is beyond my philosophy.....What more? I cannot even have the pleasure of explaining the cause of my absence in compliance with your request.

LORENZO

TO LORENZO.

Coligny.

At last my father has told me the cause of your absence! Lorenzo, a father has a thousand claims on his children; but, he cannot have that of separating the soul of his child from that which nature has created for her happiness. Politic has nothing to do with us, Lorenzo. Views, either of integrity, ambition, wealth, or whatsoever interested ones which bring men to follow different kinds of governments, must have no influence with the force of our sympathy. Our souls cannot subsist, unless united.

On the other side, I cannot blame you, Lorenzo, since the oath which you took before your father is sacred, and, I do not think I would be happy with you, if for the sake of our love you would perjure yourself. My father has no such ties. And, why should he not be our friend, though differing in political sentiments?...But, as I know my father's character, I do not believe he would renounce his opinions even for my sake, who, after my mother, am the object of his most kind affections.

Lorenzo, why shall we not be happy? My father, my mother are the most sacred and dearest persons to me: but for you, Lorenzo, I feel something which, for want of a heavenly language, I cannot explain....No, I shall never be able to live without you: "ou je m' attache, ou je me meurs."...If you have no objection, I am ready to follow you in any corner of the world you think proper.

OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Geneva.

Hélas, cette tendre mère habite de l'autre côté de ces flots; peut-être qu' en ce moment elle les contemple du rivage opposé, en songeant à son fils! *Chateaubriand.*

I feel as you the power of your reason, Oonalaska, when parents prevent so sacred tie, with no other reason but their caprice, I find no blemish in the side of two objects like ourselves when they follow their propensity. But, Oonalaska, in spite of it I would not be happy, under the idea of being a betrayer, by having abused the confidence of your father, who, knowing my principles, sleeps quiet in his bed without the least idea that I would run away with his dear daughter. You too, Oonalaska, would not be happy with me when far from your desolate parents. We are often bad judges of our own feelings before success; but when it is accomplished, we always feel a remorse in our conscience. Oonalaska, your love would not permit you to reproach me in not having prevented such a step; but, I should have the complaint of seeing you fainting every day: your feeling would kill you. On another side, I should pay with ingratitude the friendship and hospitality of your kind father. No, Oonalaska, we could not be happy. Angel of my painful existence, I would prefer not only a thousand deaths, but even to be forgotten by you, rather than bring the sorrow and the desolation into the bosom of your parents.

LORENZO.

Quelquefois je me persuade que l'Etre-Suprême a abandonné le monde aux méchans, et qu'il a réservé l'immortalité de l'âme seulement pour les justes. *Destaël.*

Among the sceneries which I would always like to see, it is one about a mile from Geneva on an elevated ground near the conflux of the Rhone with the Havre. Whilst I sat down on a small piece of green over a ravine cut down perpendicularly to the brink of the Rhone, sometimes admiring the line of demarcation going down for a long tract between the two distinct colours of the rivers, and sometimes observing on my left the water of the lake flowing into the Rhone between Coutance, and Place Bel-air, I was surprized on discovering behind me an old friend of mine, Camillo, an Italian emigrant, father of a large family. He sat with me, and told that once Lorenzo was on the very piece of ground uttering the following monologue:

"I am unhappy, very unhappy! The companion of my thoughts is taken from me for ever. Oonalaska did never misunderstand me...But, why shall I wait a malady to put an end to this insupportable life? Why shall I live when the sacrifice of my country is consumed?"

After a long pause, said Camillo, he sat down on the green, and taking a Bible from his pocket, he read with great attention: then he thought for a long while, and read again smiling bitterly: at last he uttered:

"No, thou art not the God the heart of my dear mother has described to me, when, without experi-

ence, and insensible of the happiness which surrounded me, I knew nothing but the pleasure of a lively existence. No, thou art not that just, and good Creator that the goodness of my sister was pleased to pen with the colours of her angelical soul. A stoick would be ashamed of thy wrath. Yes, I have a better idea of God: but, since I cannot admire him as a being separated from matter, and invisible to me, my God is every good thing coming from his mysterious hand. When I shall see him not like a passionate man condemning the poor to be stoned in the wilderness because he gathered a few sticks on Saturday, but, with more justice, to exterminate with his thunderbolts the vile tyrants of my country, then I will believe in Moses. But, how shall I worship him, who with an eye of indifference assists such wretches on thrones, who soak themselves in human blood?"

Saying this, he flung the Bible into the river. But, when I saw him on the brink of a precipice, in the act of throwing himself, I cried:

"Senseless Lorenzo, such was not the counsel I gave you, when you came in my poor hut to give me the bread which delivered me from death. Your tears infusing in my heart a balm which gave life to my decaying days, made me feel the power of virtue, and I blessed heaven. Without the school of misfortune, I would have never been able to feel the celestial propensity of your fine soul. Oh, in another moment, Lorenzo, you would be ashamed of the idea of killing yourself. Although society is

ungrateful to you, still you ought to be generous towards her by sparing your precious life. Look at me: I am more unhappy than you: old, exiled like you; but, you have no wife, no children as I have, without hope of doing my duty towards them: nevertheless, oftener I bless the hand which prolongs this miserable life."

He closed his eyes, and fell senseless into my arms. I leaned him on the green; and seeing he was receiving new strength, I put his head on my knees, and he fell asleep. Sometimes I saw very violent emotions passing through his mind, and then I was willing to awake him: but, seeing that from time to time he was taking a periodical rest, I waited until he returned from his lethargy, I went with him to his house; and, in entering his closet, I had the satisfaction to see that his face was getting cheerful in reading with me the Divine Comedy of Dante. However, knowing his heart, I could not avoid thinking, whilst the unhappy young man was pleased in seeing virtue residing among those conspicuous men, whose life was nothing but a long string of vicissitudes, he was drinking the bitter chalice of his despair. Virtuous men had always suffered among their generations inferior to them of three or four centuries, by being their ignorant age in contradiction with them: besides, vice dislikes those, who would bridle it.

TO CHARLES.

Geneva.

Socrate, condamné par un jugement inique à perdre la vie dans quelques heures, n'avait pas besoin d'examiner bien attentivement s'il lui etait permis d'en disposer. En supposant qu' il ait tenu réellement les discours que Platon lui fait tenir, croyez moi, Mylord, il les eût médités avec plus de soin dans l'occasion de les mettre en pratique, et la preuve qu' on ne peut tirer de cet immortel ouvrage aucune bonne objection contre le droit de disposer de sa propre vie, c'est que Caton le lut par deux foix tout entier la nuit même qu' il quitta la terre.

J. J. Rousseau.

Yes, Charles, we must be out of our sense for such an unnatural act. A few weeks ago, had not Camillo run to my assistance, I would have committed suicide! and then what black stain I would have left beyond my grave! Now, I may say with Young:

> How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
> How complicate, how wonderful is man!

I was so overpowered with pains, that my reason has quitted my unsound mind!

Although the picture of heaven, which was presented me when a child, was quite inconsistent with my natural feeling, I allow that some religions give so fine poetical ideas of an eternal life, that finding so little comfortability on this globe, we take pleasure, without further demonstration, in sticking with our utmost energy to a better existence. Then, although we have never heard from thence, our imagination creates a thousand things inconsistent with our human nature, and, like the man

building castles in the air, we confect every pleasing thing, according to our own fancy. The lustful Mahometans imagine Houris; the warriors, fighting battles over the clouds; the few virtuous men, a God rewarding human actions on a golden scale; the fanatics, nobody rewarded but blind superstitious believers; the monastics, the distinctions of a royal court; so that, whilst, according to our dissenting creeds, human nature must be changed, still, we imagine to satisfy hereafter our earthly ruling passions, quite inconsistent with perfection. Habit has so great power upon us, that we have seen prisoners, in the last day of their detention, begging for remaining their whole life. And to whom, although ungrateful, is not the country of his birth dear? How sweet is the recollection of those places, the witnesses of our infancy, where every thing smiled before us in those happy days. Do you see that hill? There I walked one day with my father: he folded me in his arms, and I feel yet on my cheeks one of his warm tears when he blessed me with a sigh, and uttering with affection: Please God to make this child happy when fortune shall have separated him from my embraces. Here, under this oak, my eldest sister gave me the affectionate kiss of her innocence. But, where is now my father?....My father? Behold; he sleeps the eternal slumber of the grave. Oh! why his bones are not buried in a free country? Oh! that tomb binds me with love to Italy!..Dear Italy, thou art overlaid with tyrants! And when will it be granted me to shed tears on that stone, mixed with those

of Oonalaska? Oh, I would forget the pains, which, by want of her comfort, I did not endure with all that worthy, and manly fortitude of my sex....But, I cannot be a stoic; and if so, I would open my bosom, and cast out such a useless heart... With Oonalaska?...Charles, she is taken from me for ever! Shall I have the hope of her society in heaven? No, Charles, we are too miserable, and selfish creatures for the gift of immortality: go to church, and listen attentively to him, whom they call the best preacher; and then, in the very moment he preaches humility, thou wilt feel a disgusting sensation of his pride! Wouldst thou know the reason of it? It is, because instead of the love towards his wandering sheep, he conceals in himself the wrath of Moses.

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

London.

Que ceux qui nous exhortent à faire ce qu' ils disent, et non ce qu' ils font, disent une grande absurdité! Qui ne fait pas ce qu' il dit, ne le dit jamais bien; car le langage du cœur qui touche, et persuade, y manque. *J. J. Rousseau.*

Yes, Lorenzo, I heard many clergymen, who excited in me the very loathful sensations which you describe in your last letter. As we find a great many, following professions for which they have no vocation, so, we find spouting orators of the church, who believe the true source of rhetoric is noth-

ing else but speaking loud, and inveighing against writers, whom they could not, or would not understand. Then, people instead of learning good morals, and feelings worthy of a civilized nation, they do nothing but to drink a poison which kills reason in the bud. But, for the honor of a great many, professing our faith, I believe they are good, and sincere followers of Christ. However, it is useless to argue with you on this subject, since, although your letter seems too severe, I know that you think with me. What displeases me, is to see you bereft of the hope to find your friends in heaven, the expected remuneration of the virtuous.

If I were not acquainted with thee, I should never believe a man could be virtuous with thy dreadful philosophy. I admire the sublimity of thy mind always connected with nature: but, believe me, my best friend, the day will come, in which I shall enjoy the sight of my dear Lorenzo crowned with heavenly flowers before God. Thy lovely sisters "Col sorriso del pago desìo," will set it on thy forehead. Thou art worthy, Lorenzo, thou, who dost good not only without the hope of other reward hereafter; but, shunnest even the pleasure of seeing thy virtuous actions remunerated with the approbation of those, whom thou esteemest. I have not thy virtue, Lorenzo; but, though without hope, perhaps, I should do nothing deserving, when I can reach the sublimity of thy philosophy, then it seems a good action cannot be meritorious if it is done with the slightest idea of recompense. On the other hand, it would seem,

that God could not refuse an eye of complacency on those actions also, which we perform with purpose of reward, provided that we avoid the infernal propensity of the miser, or the Pharisee's pride; since the nature of man, a compound of good and evil, suspending him between heaven and hell, renders it almost impossible for him to divest himself entirely of all selfish considerations. However, if a good action dignifies a man when he does it for the love of true glory, it ranks him with angels, when he does it in secret with no other pleasure but to satisfy the liberal feeling of an education, and pure conscience like thine.

Thou art something superior to man; and if thou have a "patria," thou shouldst be ranked with Cato. Our age does not understand thee. When thou speakest, selfishness is so inveterate, that thy hearers become thy antagonists. Their actions being against society, and by consequence against themselves, they feel in thee nothing but a censor.

The soul which animates thy existence with heavenly inspirations will be extinguished for ever? The more I ponder the Bible, the more I find the moral of Lorenzo, in being at variance with it, it cannot transgress the Maker of all. Thy Bible is Nature, thou sayest; therefore thou art on the Lord's side, because Nature is the first book emanated from the hands of God.

CHARLES.

TO HIS DAUGHTER AMALIA.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi de' tempi felici
Nella miseria. *Dante.*

Thy sentiments have painted me the benevolent religion of thy mother, and I felt my heart throbbing as it did in the days of my first love, days which are gone, and will return no more! Tell me, my dear daughter; do my enemies insult her grave? Go thither, and cover it with the last flowers of autumn. I read thy letter to Lorenzo; and when I arrived to the following passage which I take now the pleasure of transcribing, I had the consolation to see him better. "I would have been with you to deviate Lorenzo from the danger in which his misfortune was leading him; and lift up his noble heart to the greatness for which nature has created him, and make him feel that his soul is not fit for this earth, but, to fly into the immense space of God, of God, who called him from nothing to immortality."

In the bosom of our family? We have no hope now of embracing you! Lorenzo thanks you for your kind feelings towards him; and tells you, whilst he acknowledges your moral, and true charity, he advises you to avoid the jesuits disguised in a great many shapes.

This last night thou wert my tutelar angel, Amalia; it seemed I was with you all in the very garden, once our property: thou wert gathering flowers; and after having made a fine wreath

camest to set it on my head with the comeliness of a grace of Albano. Without my dreams, I should be like a patient deprived of the intervals of calm. Do not be uneasy concerning me, my daughter; the pain does not endure always; and, when I am released, I feel all the happiness of a free conscience.

If you, who are now the only objects of my affections, were not separated from me, I would say with Bulwer: "I am one to whom all places are alike; it matters not whether I visit a northern, or a southern clime." But, your absence, my dear daughters, is too painful for my weak philosophy. The life of man is a very trifling thing! When boys, we aspire to manhood: and when this arrives, which comes but too soon, we suffer in seeing wrinkles on our forehead. Soon the hair becomes gray; and we find ourselves in uncomfortable old age daily awaiting, what?...A tomb, which whilst, for me, it will put an end to my sufferings, still, in the very moment of my death, I shall bring with me the painful idea of leaving you behind in a state of indigence. Then, hope tells us: Thou shalt walk above the stars....Let us drop the curtain for the time to come!

I received a letter from Hippolytus, the brother of Lorenzo. The poor children of Italy are now scattered around the globe, dying unnoticed! I will transcribe for you, only these few lines of him: "A pure air, and a smiling country were pouring in my heart a sweet melancholy, when we reached the top of a small mountain, our eyes were sometimes on the Indian sea, and sometimes on the

gulf of Arabia. We went towards a hut, and saw in it an Italian emigrant lying nearly dead. A man, lifting up his head, and his beautiful daughter not yet twenty years of age, giving to the patient all those succours which that miserable abode could bestow: Before expiring he said, that in seeing Italians around him, he was dying not quite unhappy."

Be cheerful my daughters, in thinking that our friend Lorenzo has for me the same affection he had for his father: the benefits I receive from his hand are such, that whilst they give illustration of his gentility, interfere not with my delicacy.

CAMILLO.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away. *Campbell.*

The darkness of the night increased, as Lorenzo with his heart full of joy travelled towards the town of all his hopes. The moonlight began to enlighten his way, when he arrived within two or three miles of the lovely habitation of his mother, and sisters.

"Permit me, my God," said he, lifting his hands towards the starry sky, "to live till I have pressed my mother to my bosom!"

He arrived, running to the door where he had breathed for the first time the breath of existence... A melancholy silence was reigning in the house; and his sisters and little brothers were praying around his mother, who had expired a few hours

before. The unexpected pleasure she received from the letter of her dear son, announcing his arrival, joined to the last painful period of her life, carried her to the grave. At that sorrowful sight, Lorenzo fell in the arms of his sisters, and brothers; and, folding Carlotta in his arms, he remained a long time without being able to utter a syllable.

After the burial, he climbed up the mountains. The cries of his grief sounded like the wolf's long howls; he was heard to utter the most piercing cries of a maniac. As in the following night a dreadful storm carried away several large trees, and some enormous cliffs; some of the former were found swimming along the Tiber; and some of the latter in the bottom of it, and a man shot among rocks, his sisters, and friends, after having spent several months in making useless inquiries, and been reported them he must have died, with the afflicted situation of being deprived of the sad satisfaction of burying so dear a brother, erected to his memory a tombstone, which is now seen under two oaks, where he used to sport in the happy days of his infancy. After five or six months they received the following letter.

TO HIS SISTERS.

Lyons.

Si je regrette quelque chose dans la vie, ce sera de ne plus aller sur le mont Ithome voir les troupeaux avec mon père, de ne pouvoir nourrir l'auteur de mes jours dans sa vieillesse, comme il me nourrit dans mon enfance. *Chateaubriand.*

Our persecutors did not permit me to mourn

with you our dear mother. When we were in the church-yard, one of our friends whispered in my ear, that two officers were not far from us in search of me. I took immediately the way of the Apennines: when I was not farther than ten miles from you, I was assailed by the very officers: they both discharged their arms on me; but, the souls of our father, and mother must have shielded me, since I was untouched: I killed one with my pistol, and put the other to flight. I passed that stormy night on the Appennines, protected by a rock. After five days, I reached Genoa; and, with difficulty, went on board for Marseilles. I shall be more diffused in my next letter.

LORENZO.

TO CHARLES.

Chatillon.

Ni les jours du printems, ni l'azur des cieux, ni l'aspect des fleurs ne peuvent distraire l'âme d'une douleur profonde. Mais, le bruit du tonnerre platt au cœur déchiré par le désespoir; et lorsqu' au fort de nos peines un sanglot, un murmure s'echappent de nos lèvres, nous aimons à entendre la nature murmurer autour de nous, et le bruit des vents dans les cavernes, et des torrens sur la montagne couvrir la faiblesse de notre voix.

Le Barde.

Who called me on this globe to weep and die? My existence is nothing but a torture: I have here not a single person to whom I may pour out the bitter chalice of my sorrows which is undermining my life. I run upon this earth, like a hopeless

extravagant; and every where find nothing but disgust: here, after my death, no friend will shed a tear on my eternal bed: time, says the philosopher, will heal the wounds death has given thee in cutting off thy best brother: he was kind to me, and when I bade him farewell, it was my last! My dear John!...My dear Carlotta too, is gone in heaven! This earth was too depraved for her; she could not survive our mother. Oh! how dreadful is the idea, that I shall see them no more! I shall not hearken to the sweet sound of their melodious voices, which often poured in my heart the balm of life.

The wind, and lightning raged sometime ago on the hill; a river from heaven has overflowed the dale: cattle, and men were drowned, or suffocated, whilst I was gazing on the destruction with apathy.

LORENZO.

TO AMALIA.

Geneva.

It is not without interest to observe in those remote times, and under a social system so widely different from modern—the same small causes that ruffle, and interrupt the course of life, which operate so commonly at this day; the same inventive jealousy, the same cunning slander, the same crafty and fabricating retailings of petty gossips, which so often now suffice to break the ties of the truest love, and counteract the tenor of circumstances most apparently propitious. When the bark sails on over the smoothest wave, the fable tells us of the diminutive fish, that can cling to the keel, and arrest its progress; so it is ever with the greatest passions of mankind: and we should paint life but ill, if, even in times the most prodigal of romance, and of the romance of which we must largely avail ourselves, we do not also delineate the mechanism of those trivial, and household springs of mischief, which we see every day at work in our chambers, at our hearths. It is in these, the lesser intrigues of life, that we mostly find ourselves at home with the past. *Bulwer.*

The above citation is sadly true, my dear Amalia. They are but spoiled children of nature, whose life has always been a cheerful day of spring. Oh! this world is wicked, my dear! Now, that Lorenzo has left this place, a great many, who professed to be his friends, slander him with such an art, and cunning, that, if I were not thoroughly acquainted with him, they would even make me believe their lies.

A young man, careless of the insects around him, will easily lose his reputation, when a skilful foe, having the opportunity of entangling webs athwart his tracks, colours his innocent actions with infamy. There are many Iagos who feel an

evil enjoyment, when they can see another Desdemona smothered by the hands of an Othello. Does an enemy tell a lie in a circle? Every one there present, whether he be of good faith, or wicked, in repeating the same to others, will make it so public, that if the innocent were an Angel, he would not be able to wash out such a black stain. Since it is very easy to disrepute a stranger, I would punish every slanderer by the rigour of the law. It is related that a family, who understood the right of hospitality, learning that their present guest had murdered their father, after having given the wretch the means of quitting their roof, advised him not to meet them again, having determined to revenge the death of their father.

The evil that a bad tongue may cause to absent innocence, cannot be described, since human kind has a great propensity to listen to a slander with pleasure. It is a pity, Amalia, to see men, who would be silent before Lorenzo, now endeavoring to bring down his character. Every word, and every little action of him are distorted but to demolish his reputation. Nay: many have even the impudence to charge him with cowardice, as if we were not acquainted with the heroic deeds of Lorenzo.—The other day Mr X.. paid us a visit; and, speaking with my father, he said that Lorenzo had borne an insult without the least resentment.—Sir, I answered, it might be, that the virtue of Lorenzo, like Jesus, enabled him to endure an insult: but, I expected from you more delicacy towards him, since it has been told me, that it requir-

ed Lorenzo's utmost efforts to arrest the anger of Mr J...., who was determined to challenge you for an offence you had given him in a coffee-house.

I find, dear Amalia, my character is losing all the gentility of our sex in listening to so many detractors of a young man, whom I not only esteem, but, admire. If Lorenzo were not perfection itself, they would not take the trouble of slandering him. Indeed, Lorenzo once told me, that he would think highly of himself in proportion to the number of the enviers speaking badly of him. Amalia, it seems, that when they find any man superior to themselves, they are not satisfied unless he be brought down to their own common level. They would only speak highly of him, if he were dead, or in a far country, where he could not be their competitor in the circle of their society. And why so ?...Because they are afraid, that every lady, turning the back upon them, would admire their virtuous antagonist.—Because, in a word, they understand these two lines of Shakspeare:

> "He hath a daily beauty in his life,
> That makes me ugly."

We have in history the most striking example of such wickedness. When Aristides was condemned to ostracism, a man not being able to write, called the very Aristides to put his name on the shell. "Do you know him," said Aristides to the unlettered? "No," was his answer. "Why, then, will you banish him." "Because," said the

idiot, "I am tired of hearing people calling him the Just."

But, what would you say, if I tell you, that the hypocrite whom you know, has done all in his power to injure Lorenzo's character in the sight of my father? However, since they judge us so mean by listening to the detraction of those, who delight in slandering the absent, I willingly answered with irony, that I wanted a husband for this world, and that I cared not, should he go to hell in the next, provided he leave me to enjoy the paradise of his honesty, and integrity on earth.

Few days ago, I went to Mrs A....Before this my last visit, I believed she had a fine education; but, her last conversation obliges me to think, that all her wealth will never constitute her a lady. Some body present, speaking disparagingly of Lorenzo, she said, that once, hearing, as she supposed, under the vestibule the voice of Mr R..., she rose from her chair to meet him; but, when she saw it was but Mr Lorenzo C..., she could not avoid laughing at her mistake; and, having been quite ashamed to have demonstrated too much politeness to the teacher of her boy, she told him to take a chair under the vestibule. However, she said, I was very much pleased in seeing, that he, my politeness not going farther, in putting on his hat, and looking at me with a smile of contempt, went away without uttering a word. So that, she proceeded, I had the pleasure of getting rid of him. My heart was too deeply wounded, Amalia, in that moment, to find words adapted to such an

occasion: I rose, and begged my mother instantly to leave the house.

I learned after two or three days, that the faults of Lorenzo was, not having reciprocated the love she had for him, and taught Greek, and Latin to her boy for nothing. I would hint to every body willing to speak badly of him, that since they are not angels, they have no reason to speak uncharitably even of those, who have really the very faults they are tickling to produce in public.

Come to England with me: your father Camillo would not hesitate, if you, and your sisters were determined.

OONALASKA.

TO CHARLES.

Chatillon.

But, what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord, and giver of life? How his wounds blacken, his body writhes; and heart heaves with pity, and with agony! Oh Almighty sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature is departing with her Creator.

Steele.

From the earliest period of history, we find learning and theology intimately connected. The

Bible was the only instruction among the Jews, as well as the Iliad, and Koran among Heathens, and believers in Mahomet. With the progress of ages, sciences, and arts, taking a more extensive ground, and giving a more exact idea of natural things, in many parts inconsistent with the above books, and more suitable to the refined ideas of a more, and more educated people, created another class of men of letters, who, assuming the name of philosophers, and grounding their reason on natural knowledge, could not, and I think will never agree with the former, who, not minding the real work of God, which is in the nature itself, stand like champions to defend either the Bible, Iliad, Koran, Ossian, Zemi, and the long sequel of creeds without number. These theologers by a punctilio which always springs either from ignorance, pride, or interest, whilst they close the ears to any other reason than their own, in wishing, with the arm of terror to stop the progresses of human mind, became so great enemies of well grounded instruction, that we have only to open history, if we want a disgusting view of morals mixed with the most tyrannical actions a bloody-minded man can produce. Thence two classes of men of letters in contradiction with each other: So, Reason, the only Divinity we received from above to soothe our miseries, by being presented in so many shapes, inconsistent with the laws of the common mother Nature, does nothing but augment our woes. Thence every thing is inverted in the economy of human society: and whilst hypocrisy, and super-

stition are turning the people towards the life to come, they endeavor to disregard the earthly present. Certainly, I would say, we shall always have a subject of complaint against the depravity of human society if we have no regard to the improvements of our natural rights, the very labor to which God put the human mind at work with the example of the astronomical perfection. And, would not, the justice of this earth, be a good preparation for the life to come?—We cannot serve two Masters, they say.—It is not so, I would answer: let reason improve society; and we shall see, that the very Lord of the earth is the same one who formed the heaven: and since, according their own judgment, this earth is our first voyage to celestial happiness, let us teach to the whole human race, that we do not want tyrants to make us suffer here below in order to sanctify with martyrdoms our religious virtues; but, having a more charitable feeling towards the very ones, who, forgetting that heaven is open for them too, cause the harmless virtuous man to suffer, by a unanimous consent let us stand all on our rights with the power of natural reason, with which God gifted us, and force those poor, and wretched tyrants to become on the way of a happy conscience: and plant flowers where our idleness left growing thorns, and thistles.

Should we commit so many faults without the false notions of our own nature? The theoretical moral we are taught in our education, being inconsistent with the theatre of human life, by

want of this knowledge, of human heart, and of ourselves, we fall the victim of our ignorance.

The education I received from the embraces of my dear mother, forced me to commit a fault, Charles, which will bring me to another still grievous. Seeing from my childhood a predisposition of revenge, and resentment, she took great pains in inculcating me the heavenly moral of Jesus's forgiveness towards our persecutors: and, I became afterwards so enthusiastic of such a christian virtue, that falling on my knees, I said with O. Goldsmith: "And now I see it was more than human benevolence, that first taught us to bless our enemies." How attractive was for me the heavenly benevolence of Christ! They laughed at, mocked, and spat on his face; and whilst he was dying on the cross, he asked pardon for the sins of his persecutors! It is grand, it is sublime, Charles; such goodness, it is the self-denial of a God! And whilst I write these lines, my tears drop on this paper for the love of Jesus! Even, supposed he was not the son of God; shall we not feel gratitude towards him, whose good intention, being for the improvement of society, his life had been the most striking example of morality?

As it was referred to you, it is true, I have been insulted: and, in that moment, the angelic soul of my dear mother being to my imagination with such an attractive influence, I did not repulse so gross an insult. Besides, the villain provoked me with such rascality of mean people, that whilst he wished to fight, he wanted to push me the first to chal-

lenge him for the right, as the law of duel prevails, of choosing the arms in which he is skilful. So, thinking with the following lines of Goldsmith too, I found the divine, and civil reason coincided together: "You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt of your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with great security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud when he alleges that he staked a counter?"

All precepts might appear beautiful in theory; but, put it into practice, you will find it is not so. I learned afterward, when society does not provide for better, we ought not deviate from the laws of nature. As the Spectator is one of those rare books to whom civilization is very much indebted, I shall not produce it to you, as an object of my criticism: I would only say, that the declaration of his edict seems rather too particular against the challenger, whilst he inflicts no punishment to the aggressor. It seems to me, the rules of good society, and virtuous conversation are inverted not only from the very moment that an offended man writes a cartel; but, we must allow they have been inverted from the first slight, and trivial, as well as great, and urgent provocation. It is not the challenger I would put under the rigor of the law, provided he have a well grounded reason; it is the first provoker, unless asks pardon, or acknowledges his fault. As a brave man cannot be ungenerous, it is too painful for a polite society to

see impertinents disregard a man of honour. Yes, Charles, since justice does not take an interested part by putting immediately her protecting hand without obliging one of the antagonists to the base act of denouncing his adversary, man is obliged to defend his own honour, unless he be the only support of a distressed family, or occupying an eminent post useful to his country.

However, forgiveness of injuries will never be vile and shameful in the judgment of the few philanthropists: but, should Rousseau have been stoned by the populace, if they had thought to meet from himself, or from the law, the due punishment of their rascality? Would we find so much politeness, and respect if cowards were not checked by the fear of meeting his man? Men would be like game-cocks in a yard, without such a fear. But, let us listen to Walter Scott on this subject.

"Wise men say, that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-defence, only on condition that the ordinances of law should protect us. Where the price cannot be paid, the resignation takes no place. For instance, no one supposes that I am not entitled to defend my purse, and person against a highwayman, as much as if I were a wild Indian, who owns neither law nor magistracy. The question of resistance, or submission, must be determined by my means, and situation. But, if armed, and equal in force, I submit to injustice, and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to religious, or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a quaker.

An aggression on my honour seems to be much the same. The insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all views of life, than any wrong which can be inflicted by a depredator on the high way, and redress is much less in the power of public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond reach. If any man chooses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, if he has not means of defence, or the skill, and courage to use them, the assize at Lancaster, or Carlisle will do him justice by taking up the robber: yet, who will say I am bound to wait for this justice, and submit to be plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the means, and spirit to protect my own property? But, if an affront is offered to me, submission to which is to tarnish my character for ever with men of honour, and for which the twelve judges of England, with the chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by what rule of law, or reason am I to be deterred from protecting what ought to be, and is so infinitely dearer to every man of honour than his whole fortune? Of the religious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until I find a reverend divine, who shall condemn self-defence in the article of life, and property. If its propriety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose little distinction can be drawn between defence of person and goods, and defence of reputation. That the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a different rank in life, untainted perhaps in morals, and fair in character, cannot effect my regal right of self-defence. I may be sorry that circumstan-

ces have engaged me in personal strife with such an individual; but, I should feel the same sorrow for a generous enemy, who fell under my sword in a national quarrel. I shall leave the question with the casuists, however, only observing, that what I have written, will not avail the professed duellist, or he, who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. I only presumeto exculpate him, whom is dragged into the field by such an offence, as, submitted to in patience, would forfeit for ever his rank, and estimation in society."

But, the philosopher, or to explain myself with a periphrasis adapted to my grateful feeling, the friend of my mind would reprove me by doing what my judgment disowns. And the following Fragment of my friend Manesca, will receive his approbation.

"What a fine thing courage is! I mean not that courage which braces up our energies, and enables us to work our way through civil life, amidst the difficulties which assail our moral career; that courage which cheers us in our industrious exertions, and too often unprofitable labours; which assists us in our struggles against seduction, rescues us triumphantly from the clutches of vice, and guides us in the narrow path of virtue;—in short, that courage which sustains us with dignity in the various relations of husband, father, friend, and citizen.—No, I mean that brilliant, that dazzling courage, which prompts us to face and receive a bullet, or speed it through a man's heart, in order to demonstrate that we are men of honour. Honour! What is honour? Is it not the offspring of

public respect?—Can Mr X... be a man of honour, because he has been a principal in several duels? Has he not been twice a fraudulent bankrupt?—Does he ever pay any debts except those which he contracts at the gaming table? Is any one ignorant that, by his irregular conduct, he has precipitated to his grave an aged parent; that he neglects his children, and his amiable wife, whose property he has squandered in nightly revels? All this is true; but Mr X... is at all times ready to pull a trigger; his courage is doubted by no one: he is an honourable gentleman. Then, after a long life of industry, and uprightness, notwithstanding that I have strictly fulfilled my duties as a dutiful son, a tender husband, a prudent and kind father, a sincere friend, and an honest citizen, I am unworthy of public respect; I am a dishonourable man, because I neither know how to fire a pistol, nor handle a sword; because I neither wish to kill nor be killed; because I tremble at the atrocious alternative of being a murderer, or of depriving my innocent family of their natural protector, and leaving them a prey to misery, and burthen upon society! O reason, reason, where art thou?

"This, indeed, is most unreasonable, it is absurd, but custom will have it so: we must submit. Custom! abolish it then. Is there any thing immutable but what is written in nature's laws? Ought not custom, anti-social ridiculous custom to disappear at the voice of reason and humanity?

"What is custom but a more or less general disposition regularly to act in certain circumstances? Custom, therefore, is nothing but the result

of opinion; but as the latter, however general, may be erroneous, custom in an enlightened community is amenable to the tribunal of reason.—Opinion says, that gentlemen should never be suspected of being deficient in courage.—Does opinion say nothing else? Does she not say, that gentlemen should never have quarrels? Does she not hold that excesses of any kind are degrading, unbecoming well bred men? Does she not bid a real gentleman refrain from hurting the feelings of any one, and insist, that should be ever so far to forget himself as to offer an insult, a manly apology only can retrieve his character? In short, does not opinion maintain that true magnanimity consists in pardoning offences, and that genuine honour can be sullied by him only, who possesses it, if he swerve from the line of conduct which has merited him public respect?

"Opinion needs no proof of the warlike courage of any gentleman, for the plain reason that, except in those rare circumstances, where national independence is threatened, society has nothing to gain by the loss of one of its members, social order should be the pole-star, of all opinions whether private, or public; and warlike courage can be rationally fostered only in the case that it may be subservient to social interest.

"A generous soldier, who exposes, and sacrifices his life for his country, will ever be entitled to public respect; but, it is yet to be proved that a duellist is necessarily a valiant warrior: nay, many have been known to turn pale before the com-

mon enemy, who confident in their skill in taking aim, or handling a sword, were notorious duellists. The famous St. George, in Paris, whom had been forbidden to fight duels, because he was sure to kill his antagonist, proved to be a coward at the head of a regiment of horse which he commanded.

"That sort of courage which prompts us to brave death is not natural; it is a feverish state to which all men are naturally adverse; but, to which they all may be stimulated by various artificial means, which respectively operate according to circumstances, and tempers. The vain gratification of winning the good opinion of some deluded contemporaries, is the stimulus which operates upon the duellist's brain; a mercenary soldier's courage may be lighted up with a little alcohol; nothing, in short, of the certainty of fulfilling a sacred duty to his country should stimulate a freeman.

"Can any one be so simple as to imagine, that the savage courage of braving death is the quality admired, and revered in great warriors? Many worthless fellows in the file, possess such a courage in a higher degree, than the superior, who leads them on. Patient industry, unconquerable perseverance through long, and laborious studies; a sacrifice of all wordly pleasures, in exchange for toils, cares, abstemiousness, anxieties, and sufferings; solid judgment, prudence, self-possession, great talents, still greater honesty; such are the offspring of the courage which recommends heroes to the veneration of ages.

"But, many superior men have fought duels.—So much the worse for them: their fair fame, most surely, is not indebted to such deeds. What then does the assertion prove? It proves only, that men of superior order are not free from weakness, and that, in all their actions, they are not worthy of imitation. If superior men, who fight duels are not aware that opinion, respecting that custom, is erroneous, they are deficient in good sense, and judgment, two qualities without which a man cannot be truly great: if, on the contrary, they know it to be wrong, they are doubly guilty in yielding to its mischievous caprice, when they should be the first to resist and correct it.

"A young man was heard to ask whether Napoleon was not a great master at the broad sword. Such are the silly notions which are too commonly entertained about great men. Napoleon never fought a duel. He dared in his youth, to set at defiance the brutish custom, and braved the scorn of his fellow officers; the pretenders to despise him—where are they?

"Washington, greater than Napoleon,—since his genius will, in the end, more generally obtain the veneration of mankind,—Washington never fought a duel; nay, it is well known, that he once made an unasked for apology to a person whose feelings, he thought, he had wounded. Franklin did not fight duels; yet Franklin was a gentleman, as well as a statesman, and philosopher. Perhaps he had never occasion to fight. Well, let genuine gentlemen in our days imitate him;

let them prove their good breeding by scrupulously shunning all circumstances which might involve them in those despicable transactions; or, if unfortunately precipitated in those anti-social p roceedings, let them adopt means of conciliation which may spare a family the loss of a father or husband, and society a useful citizen, which will insure them the gratitude, and respect of the sober portion of the community.

"But, it is not to be expected that the mere efforts of the individuals eventually concerned in these sad affairs, will be sufficient to put an end to the atrocious custom. Opinion which fosters it, should be resolutely assailed, and shamed out of the social pale. Novelists, poets, dramatists, and writers in general, should join hand in hand in this holy crusade. A great deal might be achieved in this reform of public opinion, by those, who have the charge of the education of youth, by the heads of families, and particularly mothers.

"Women, O women! what could you not do? Like the sun's rays upon nature, your influence in society is irresistible; let it ever be vivifying, and cheering. O ye, who give us life, never suffer death to emanate from you, and by more than one attribute, resemble the beautiful luminary to which we dare to compare you."

It is with an edifying feeling I see in some corners of the world the people listening with an anxious ear the wishes of benevolent philosophers: and time, in spite of legislators forgetful of their duty, bringing the nations to more extensive in-

struction, will blot out the custom of duels as it has been done in regard to the vain glory of knights fighting in the arena before the object of their love. Nay: though it is with sorrow of mind we find, in some countries, people going as spectators of such single combats, others, where the public opinion is more enlightened, in spite of the law not pursuing such kind of murders, still, shameful of such a ferocious act, they go concealed fighting in the most remote woods. But, as we are obliged to dress ourselves according to fashion if we want not to appear ridiculous, so a man, whose fortune depends from the respect of little minded plurality, is forced to do what his reason disapproves. Besides, how can a man, not only dependent, but exiled, abandoned, unknown, poor, and friendless in a strange country, scorn the general custom? I shall never forget the poor unprotected Jews of my still poorer country, whom the greater part of christians think it lawful to insult. Yes, Charles, one day I could not refrain from rescuing a poor old Jew from the persecution of my school companions!

But, why shall I allege so many reasons, Charles, when my own example proves the evidence of my argument? After having endured so gross an affront, they had so scornful an idea of me, that every wicked creature did not lose the opportunity of showing his false bravery with petty insults. And what would you say, Charles, should I tell you, that villian, who insulted me, has been imboldened by hearing from others, that I had been much indul-

gent in forgiving the impoliteness of two others before him? Addison writing about the customs of his time, which were in many respects the same as ours, says: "The great point of honour in man is courage, and in woman chastity. If a man loses his honour in one rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable." The moral Addison, conscious of the false notions of his age, added: "I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be, that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom, or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good nature would have carried it against chastity." So, whilst I was displeased in seeing the severity of society towards women, whose fault might be caused either from disinterested love, want of judgment, or innocence, finding that the first opportunity would have carried me to recover my honour with so little an expense, that, in meeting in the street the first rascal, who thought to mock me with impunity, I pulled off my coat, and boxed him with such alacrity, that, though he was a bulky man, I had the satisfaction of seeing him on the ground without, however, any mortal injury: So, the very mob, Charles, who would have scorned me if I had proceeded my way without

resentment, after the fight, they were inclined to bring me in triumph.

But, what shall I conclude after so long a letter? Charles, when I was in the arms of my dear mother, I esteemed men, and myself: the rascalities I met afterwards on the theatre of life, whilst they obliged me to pity myself, caused me to despise the whole human race: but, after a long reflection, finding human kind under improvements, though yet we are very far from deserving the honourable title of rational, or sociable creatures for which it seems we have been called on earth, still I begin to feel highly of man. But, until the mass of the people, in getting better judgment will have provided for better laws on the subject of duels, some individuals might be under obligations to stand before death, rather to suffer an injury to their reputation.

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

Geneva.

Do ye imagine to reprove words, and the speeches of one that is desperate, which are as wind? *Job.*

Do not believe your soul mortal, Lorenzo: I do not pretend to defend one creed more than another; but, for what purpose could nature have given us a life so toilsome, and afterwards take it away for ever? O, this spirit which I feel within me, panting for immortality is fit to worship God: he may

have created in other planets, beings more sublime than man; but, the wish, and imagination able to understand the divine idea of the infinite, is enough to make us believe we are fit for an eternity. When I think of the greatness of this creation my mind would pass through the immense space of the ether, where the vail of my ignorance would be taken from my eyes, and contemplate the mysterious incantation.

OONALASKA.

A FRAGMENT FROM LORENZO.

Paris.

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which descends to the extremes, touching her wrist, I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. *Sterne.*

She was knitting at the door of her shop: her smile reminded me of my candid sisters, whose acute sight was reading my heart's most secret thoughts. She rose from her chair; and with a kind-hearted look asked me if I wished to look at any thing.—I come to buy something, madam, which I have entirely forgotten.—You must have a great deal of business, sir, sit down.—She resumed her work, blushed, and remained silent for some time.....

It seems by the above, and following letters, that many of it must have been lost.

TO LORENZO.

Lausanne.

J'ai les yeux sans cesse fixés sur les montagnes qui séparent la Suisse de la France; il vit par delà, mais il ne m'a point oubliée: la douceur de mes pensées me l'assure. Quand je me promène sous les voutes de la nuit, mes regrets ne sont point amers, et s'il avait cessé de m' aimer le frissonnement de la mort m' en aurait avertie. *Mad. Destaël.*

Thou thoughtest of me! Every time I walked through these delightful fields, I did the same, and thy memory endeared my life. My heart embraced all nature, and nature smiled on me. How many times I sent my heart to thee on the wings of my thought, and then I felt the ambrosia exhaling from the plants, and a zephyr caressing my forehead. If our souls were not immortal would I have felt such sympathy? When on the mountains of Swizerland thou feltest an inebriate pleasure of divinity, it was thy soul, which flying to me made me feel the joy thou wishedest impart to me.

OONALASKA.

TO OONALASKA.

Ingouville.

Tu m' appeleras toujours quand tu seras seule. Plusieurs fois tu répéteras le nom de Léonce, et Léonce recueillera peut-être dans les airs les accens de son amie. *Destaël.*

That which most deeply wounds my feeling, is to see moral perverted by the hand of men, who, under the cloak of piety, slander those, whom they believe in contradiction with their hypocrisy.

However, I think with Destaël: "Je dédaigne ceux qui me blâmeront; ils ne m'atteindront pas dans l'asile de mon cœur où je suis content de moi; ils n'ébranleront point cette parfaite conviction de l'esprit qui est aussi une conscience pour l'homme éclairé." I have some moments, Oonalaska, in which, by want of your company, who would partake my sentiments, the above conviction not only is not sufficient; but, instead of pouring the balm of life into the wound with which false piety has deeply poisened the vital centre of my heart, it does oftener exacerbate it, in thinking my self-denial led me a victim of monsters in human shapes.

Every thing in your possession must turn in your favour, because a society dreaming nothing but wealth, forgive even your virtue, which is a reproach for them. But, I poor, without other merit in the world but the good intention of practising virtue, I would bring into your private family but the envy of the wicked without number. "The world is made for Cæsar," exclaimed the virtuous Cato, few moments before his glorious death: in our age we may say, the world is made for wealthy people.

When troublesome thoughts will agitate thee, look upon the star which precedes the day break: often I do the same, and then I feel relieved.

It is a religion for every body: it does not reside in books; it speaks in our hearts, and tells us this sufficient precept: Love thy fellow creature. Because our ancestors began human soci-

ety with superstions, some of our legislators believe it cannot be otherwise; and consider every body wicked, because in spite of Solon, Lycurgus, Brutus, Cato, Machiavel, Bentham, we are still not better than the time of Moses. But, I would ask only one single question: Has the people been ruled by the laws of the above legislators, or by that of Moses? Nay; because our forefather's government was a perfect theocracy they are led to conclude that the foundations of human laws should be grounded on those principles, and think it cannot be otherwise since it had always been so. Then, they call the man a wicked creature, without thinking that all human faults originate in a neglected education. They are like that father, who, whilst obliges his sons to perish by hunger, upbraids them because they cannot stand up.

Man is but the creature of his habits: and, we find slaves, after having received liberty, to submit themselves again to their own masters. When will man enjoy the confederacy of man?—Then, our posterity in reading history will conceive all the horrours of our situation. If I have the happiness of seeing the dawn of so fortunate a day, I would not complain on my death bed of the ingratitude of my fellow Beings: I would carry to my grave the idea, that I shall not be entirely forgotten.

It is no wonder if we are continually in war; since, spoiled from contrarieties without number, we must feel our wicked selfishness from the bosom of our mothers. Thence, sensibility becomes

a fatal gift when we are forced to live with people with a little heart; love, which endears life, becomes an object of calculation, and friendship a hypocritical name.

The original sin, Oonalaska, is the want of education. Reason is a star which leads us to virtue: and although she cannot reach her destination soon as we would, she always leaves on her way the brilliant traces of her painful, and noble career: nothing deserving reproach on the grave of her sons.

Havre is built on a marsh; and the harbour being surrounded of a rampart, I am obliged to climb the hill of Ingouville whenever I wish to contemplate the beauties of nature. What fine month of November!

I prove a very singular sensation every time I present myself in a hotel in which hospitality is given with more, or less kindness according to the extensiveness of your purse. They measure all travellers from foot to cap; and elevate them towards heaven, according to the exterior appearances of their travelling expenses. Such is their acuteness, that they are seldom found putting a Lord on the seventh, or a Burgess on the first floor; so that, from the first floor to the garret, where all pedestrians are confounded, you would know the standing of each traveller in society by the several degrees of their rooms: and the landlord is more or less cheerful with you, according to the quantity of money you spend. If in the New-world I shall not find better people, I will go on the top

of a mountain to breathe the air embalmed with flowers.

Yesterday evening I clambered up the hill to the light houses: I set near a ravine where the sea touches the foot. A light north wind was driving a great many ships on the lee shore of France. Crows, and eagles were hovering, when I saw a pigeon preceding a vessel: perhaps that bird was bringing news to some more happy than I in France....More happy than I?...Although alone, thy image is always with me.

The sinking sun told me I must leave that place: I had yet two hours of walk to reach Havre, and no more than an hour of day. As I wanted to see the sun sinking in the flood, in going back I took another road. I gave him the good night, and reached the hotel at dinner time.

After my solitary reflections on the top of a hill. I do not like to see at the table, fops fond of distinguishing themselves by causing the servants to feel their inferiority before them. It seems they sit at the table of four francs, not to satisfy their want; but, to play the gentlemen.

To-day a captain of a vessel, father of a large family, having some difficulties with a man of the vexing custom-house, brought the quarrel to a duel: he was killed instantly. The officer of the custom-house is not persecuted by the law.

There is a pleasure in sorrow: it is the shivering mixt with tears in the very moment we are quitting, perhaps for ever, persons worthy our friendship: the last day of a man with pure

conscience, must be the moment of his happiness.

Farewell, Oonalaska: do not be afraid for me: the passage I undertake now, is very well known. How sublime is the ocean! When the shore of France will have disappeared from my sight, still, I will give thee the good-bye.

I cannot proceed longer; the vessel is now ready to start.

LORENZO.

It seems here some other letters must have been lost.

TO CHARLES.

Philadelphia.

Or qual estranea mai lontana terra,
E selvaggia, ed inospita pur sia,
Increscer puote a chi la propria vede
Schiava di crude, ed assolute voglie? *Alfieri.*

I cannot describe the painful feeling occasioned by being far from the remains of my distressed family. It is not the tyrants of my country I left under that blue sky; it is the dear house of my father. I may say now with Petrarc:

"Exul ab Italia furiis civilibus actus
Huc subii, partimque volens, partimque coactus.
Hic nemus, hic amnes, hic otia ruris amœni:
Sed, fidi comites absunt vultusque sereni."

Nobody will impart to me the affection I enjoyed from my father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

The whole world seems to me a desert now: where shall I find a friend to whom I might communicate my sufferings?...However, I walk this wide world thinking with Casimir Bonjour:

"Je sais qu'il est beaucoup d'âmes intéressées,
Que l'argent est au fond de toutes les pensées;
Mais, j'ose l'assurer, il est de nobles cœurs."

In answer to your letter, dear Charles, certainly no nation deserves the consideration of a civilized one, if she, in spite of discordant superstition, does not honour, and help the true, moral, unsuperstitious, sincere, and innocent man.—Cowper says:

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth."

LORENZO.

TO OONALASKA.

Philadelphia.

As the persecuted seek refuge at the shrine, so they recognised in the altar of their love an asylum from the sorrows of earth. *Bulwer.*

By the interference of Charles, I received your letter. If there is any disgusting sensation, it is the recollection of those who were ungrateful to us. I had formed an idea too sublime of man; but, how humiliating is the selfishness of human species!

"Ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago,"

Says Virgil. However, I thank the heavenly Hope for having led me by the hand through this life of dangers; and told me I shall find the virtue I am seeking for.

I found myself alone on a barren rock surrounded by a sea without end; and the fainting light of virtue, agreeable delusion of my passed life, was now too far away. Every day I felt my chains more and more heavy. When a supernatural strength overwhelms us, courage fails. What avails to struggle for life, when the wound is mortal? Why, my God, said I, didst thou create me but for sufferings? Hast thou made the world only for my oppressors? O! your letter, Oonalaska, has changed my sufferings of hell into the enjoyments of Eden!

Poor Malvina! Yesterday she was shining like the sun; and now, under ground!....All this smiling family of plants which surrounds her grave, does not now cheer her sensibility; and tears can warm her bosom no more!

Excuse me, my love, if I do not write to thee on the manners and customs of this nation: excuse me, if I do not describe to thee these fine mountains: every thing is sublime because I am thinking of thee. Yes, this beautiful nature should be a desert without the thought of thy love: every time I am occupied in something, I see only thy inspiring image: and how could I be able to write were it not about thy amiability. Very often, absorbed in the fine ideal which surrounds thee, my pen falls, believing thou art in my presence.

P. S. The sun was sinking when the groom came to tell me, my horse was ready. I had forgotten, that I gave him order to do so.....However the moon is up, and I have no more than about 15 miles to reach my society in the country.

Every evening I contemplate the planet which shines in the twilight: when at ten o'clock it leaves our horizon, I feel the sensations I had when I bade thee farewell: it is as pretty as thy thought. Dear Oonalaska, look at it also, when quivering it bids thee good night. It appears to me I am still with thee walking around by the lake of Geneva with thy arm linked in mine, gazing at the silent moon.... Well, the groom tells me the vessel will not start from America to France in a week; so that, I will not yet seal this letter.

P. S. Yesterday, seeing all society smiling at my distractions, however they are kind to me, and at that moment hearing to strike ten o'clock, I hurried out, without taking leave, with the intention of going back, after having gazed on the lovely planet. The harmony of the sky bringing to my mind so delightful an idea of thee, I proceeded homeward without my hat, fearing the presence of any body else should have interrupted the lovely sentiment I proved in that moment: the dream I had of thee the last night was heavenly as thy smile, I shall attempt in another letter to describe it.

P. S. To-night the planet, which calls me to happiness, disappeared above the clouds, leaving me in darkness, and bitterness.

LORENZO.

TO HIS BROTHER HIPPOLITUS.

Philadelphia.

Quand on veut consacrer des livres au vrai bien de la patrie, il ne faut point les composer dans son sein.

J. J. Rousseau.

Do not yet attempt to emulate the splendid style of any author, who has dazzled you: your tender age is not fit to follow the eagle in his flight. No strong passion if you do not feel it: write according to your own heart. Your age is only fit for an ingenious sensibility, which is always agreeable when you exhibit it in its natural simplicity: no exclamations; no tropes, no figures: write as if you were explaining your feeling with the sincerity of a soul before the Great Judge of human secrets; and your writing will be eloquent.

If you wish to run the difficult career of learning, form your heart, and nothing will be wanting: but, if we do not feel in ourselves nobility, and sublimity of mind, the attempt will be always a disgraceful one: it is the fire of heaven alone, which can purify the mind of man. Europe, my dear brother, swarms now too much with pretensions to learning: but, if the writer's aim is not that of being useful to society, this noble art is nothing but a profane prattle.

When you have finished the course of your studies, if you don't feel yourself able to soar towards the sun, you may turn your thoughts elsewhere. In whatever situation a man finds himself, either of mind, or fortune, he may be always happy, if he

do not swerve from the knowledge of himself, right, and honesty. As we can always distinguish the beginning of the day, even in the most cloudy weather, so, in spite of wicked enemies, virtue will always have the consideration, and esteem of every nation. It is not an elevated occupation, which gives consideration to man; it is the little, performed with integrity: and, should there be no suitable judges for your actions, comfort yourself in your superiority, and always endeavor to become better. "Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals," says Johnson.

Do not bewail our situation, dear Hippolitus: man is born to undergo inconveniences: misfortune is a great school for those, who are wise to learn from it: a life spent among books in all the comforts of the closet, may fit a man for becoming an astronomer, or artist; but, he will be always ignorant of himself, and of the human heart. It is true, that when we reach the knowledge of it, we would desire to retrograde to the sports of our infancy, in which we believed all men had towards us the very affection of our father, and mother: but, who would desire this happy ignorance when we find ourselves daily obliged to have something to do with them?

If you feel in yourself the demon of genius, you will have nothing in your life but cares, and disgusts. The way to glory is easy among people, who enjoy a real liberty: but, if you speak truth where despotism reigns, you have nothing to ex-

pect but ingratitude. Who would believe, Hippolitus, that Volney, that great luminary of human reason is yet slandered after his grave? And, did he write any thing but to teach us the means of being happy, and honest on earth! These few lines are sufficient to show his integrity. "Recherchez des lois que la nature a posées en nous pour nous diriger, et dressez-en l'authentique, et immuable code; mais, que ce ne soit plus pour une seule nation, pour une seule famille; que ce soit pour nous tous sans exception! Soyez le législateur de tout le genre humain, ainsi que vous seriez l'interprète de la même nature, montrez-nous la ligne qui sépare le monde des chimères de celui des réalités, et enseignez-nous, après tant de religions, d'illusions, et d'erreurs, la religion de l'évidence, et de la vérité." But, it is not only our misunderstood creed, which persecutes the benevolent philosophy; so Pananti: "Maometto è il più gran nemico che la ragione umana abbia avuto. Uomini pieni del suo feroce spirito esclamarono che Dio punirebbe il Califfo al Mamon per avere appellato nei suoi stati le scienze a detrimento della santa ignoranza raccomandata ai veri credenti: e che, se qualcuno osasse imitarlo, impalar si doveva, e di Tribù in Tribù trasportarlo, preceduto da un Araldo, che andasse ad alta voce gridando: Ecco quale è stato, e quale sarà il guiderdone dell' empio, che preferisce la Filosofia alla Tradizione, e la sua superba Ragione ai precetti del divino Koran." However the martyrs of Reason will prevail on the martyrs of superstition. So

Franklin: "It is only by degrees that the great body of mankind can be led into new practises, however salutary their tendency. It is now nearly eighty years, since inoculation was introduced into Europe and America, and it is so far from being general at present, that it will, perhaps, require one, or two centuries to render it so."

The glory of fame is a very trifling thing, since there are few, who in reality admire the worthy work of a great man; So Bulwer: "Often, when in the fever of the midnight, I have paused from my unshared, and unsoftened studies, to listen to the deadly pulsation of my heart, when I have felt in its painful, and tumultuous beating the very life warning, and wasting within me, I have sickened to my inmost soul to remember, that amongst all those, whom I was exhausting the health, and enjoyment of youth to benefit, there was not one from whom my life had an interest, or by whom my death would be honoured by a tear." Again, a genius like that of Homer will have very little consideration, when his book is among a thousand others equal to it. There is no human strength which can scorn the power of time.

But, if in spite of your happiness you wish to show to the people among whom you live, that they are far from deserving the approbation of a worthy society, you ought to recollect, that the boys of an academy have very little friendship towards their teacher for no other reason than that, he is in the habit of correcting their faults. What are men among vicious laws?—Large boys hardened

in their vices. They will grant you every justice, or injustice against others; but, if you do not vilely flatter their own faults, and self-interest, they will become your enemies. See, even among republics, the many are attached to the richest party, because they fear to lose their direct interest with the wealthy people. Ignorance is deceived by want of knowing a gentleman among cunning rascals: and you would hear in America, men calling those Yankees, whom they dislike, whilst they are Yankees themselves in all the extensiveness of the term. As I suppose you are not acquainted with this word, I will endeavour to explain it to you.

Hearing in this country to utter the word Yankee with contempt, I referred to the American dictionary, in which it is said, the Indians, or originated savages of America, in consequence of being unable to pronounce the word English, they said Yankee. Afterwards it became a word of contempt applied by settled European-Americans to every stranger from Europe: so, by a spirit of revenge, an English author calls Yankees the Americans smoking Havanna's tobacco on sugar bales. But, not satisfied of this explanation, by seeing so many, giving different colours to this word, I asked several persons; and, the most inoffensive idea under such word, I found it was the supposed Americans from north in respect to those from south. For instance, the New-Englanders would be Yankees to the New-Yorkers, the New-Yorkers to the Pennsylvanians; these to the Virginians, the Virginians to the Carolinians, and so on. If it were

so, though the offence trifling in itself, I would prefer to be under the equator's line where those, who are in this side of North America have no right to call me a Yankee, a word which, even pronounced by persons of the most high education, does not sound to my ear a kind one. In regard to those, who call Yankees the strangers coming into America, they must offend themselves, since the American blood is stranger to this country. You know, Hippolitus, Switzerland not being able to afford enough for all her inhabitants, they are obliged to live in France, and Italy with their industry. In America such kind of people would be baptized Yankees. Among persons of education they call only Yankees now, those cunning creatures, who are getting money with deceit: and it seems to me, in this last case, such degrading title, is very happily applied. The foundation of America being a wise liberty, and a compact of true United States, all the petty lines of demarcation disappear with general instruction; and every true American feels pleasure in seeing every nation having a reciprocal consideration of each other. This little globe turning around, the very inconsistent Being called Man improving, must feel the noble sentiment of becoming a true citizen of the world: so, now a Yankee is generally called a poor creature, who is far from understanding the feeling of a gentleman.

But, for what reason a philanthropist is paid with ingratitude, whilst the selfish becomes rich? Oliver Goldsmith will show you in the following

virtue is to speak truth against our own interest; it is never to complain of the injustice of our fortune; virtue is the loosing the opportunity of acquiring glory when we are wanting in another part for the good of our fellow-creatures; virtue is a constant endeavour to better our own character: In a word, virtue is nothing else than a divine goodness of humanity. If you love letters, you have nothing to do, but to aim at the perfection of your own character: your book is your own heart; and in whatever situation you might be, in comparing yourself with others, avoid all their faults, imitate all their fine qualities, and your eloquence will touch every heart.

LORENZO.

TO CHARLES.

New York.

Virtue is a quality much more rare than is generally imagined; and therefore the words humanity, virtue, patriotism, and many others of similar kinds, should be used with greater caution than they usually are in the intercourses of mankind.

Zimmerman.

Those, who are taught by their philosophy, properly to estimate the merits of every people, will feel disgust when they hear persons inveighing against a nation for the sole purpose of indirectly boasting, that their own country is free from the defects which they censure. I was once introduced by an American family to a French lady. After she had sung several patriotic songs, I conver-

sed with her in her native tongue. As the French language was not understood by the rest of the company, she lavished praises upon the French nation in so outrageous a manner, that it seemed, according to her judgment, that all others were deficient. As she was not informed, upon my introduction to her, that I was an Italian, I thought it my duty to tell her that I was not a native of France. I proceeded as follows: As I have kind, delicate, and sensible friends among the French people, I have the honour to tell you, Madam, that I love them as my own. I am one of those cosmopolites, who believe, that a person has no right to disregard a nation, because he observes in it, particular instances of depravity, for, he should reflect, that man is always man with more, or less modification, according to the age in which he lives. We cannot find a single nation which is not adorned by men of virtue, and my impression is, that we are prejudiced in favour of our native country, because we there received the first caresses of our parents. Upon this, perhaps too severe reproof, she assumed the expression of a cunning fox, and, had I been Raphael, I would have given to the world a singular, and striking picture. However we proceeded to converse on various topics; and the subject of languages rising, I advanced the proposition, that no language is perfect, since we find, that in all those with which we are acquainted, there are many words wanting to express our sentiments. "You must possess a great genius, sir," said she, with her cunning smile, "since

the languages spoken by nations through so long a course of years, are insufficient to give expression to your ideas." I was not unprepared for this exhibition of petty revenge. Poor humanity! We seem born to make painful the lives of each other. Sometimes I endeavor to explain to myself the inequality of the gifts of nature. In the very moment that she delights to bestow upon one all the good qualities of mind and body, she inflicts upon another, external deformity joined with a repulsive character. Why, I ask myself, are we not all cast in the same mould? One is blind, another lame, the face of this is turned upon his left shoulder, and that bears it on his right. This man jumps on crutches, and that sees nothing deserving attention except his own precious person: the one is passionate, the other sardonic. This man is a fool, and that delights to insult him with his clownish wit....But, I have entered into too long a digression: so that, resuming the thread of the conversation, although I like to yield to the ladies, I was not disposed to give the victory to her.

> "It is the witness still of excellency
> To put a strange face on his own perfection,"

Says Shakspeare. So that, wishing to put all my poor wit into operation, Madam, said I, I do not believe myself to be a genius because I cannot name with a particular word every part compounding this chair which I now hold. Besides, if I were in love with you, Madam, I do not believe that

I should find words adequate to the description of your charms, as Byron says:

> "Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
> To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?"

And Chateaubriand: "Ah, si tu m'aimais, quelle, serait notre félicité! Nous trouverions pour nous exprimer un langage digne du ciel; à present il y a des mots qui manquent, parce que ton âme ne répond pas à la mienne."

She smiled with her natural cheerfulness, and we continue now to be good friends.

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

London.

Those, who find themselves severed from society by peculiarities of form, if they do not hate the common bulk of mankind, are at least not altogether indisposed to enjoy their mishaps, and calamities. *Walter Scott.*

Though we say, man ought not to be partial to his own country, still we find a great many travellers judging of nations with rashness. The prejudices of our childhood are so dangerous to our reason, that very often men endeavour to find faults among nations, because they have not their own habits. A traveller may converse with thousands of individuals of a foreign nation which he undertakes to describe, and still, have no idea of their real character. We have only to open their books, and we find nothing is so full of contradic-

tions as the writers on their journeys. From whence does it come, that Madam Destaël praises so much the Italian nation, whilst Lady Morgan debases them, if it is not, that Destaël had the good chance of finding among them something agreeable to her, and Morgan displeasing things? Besides, the life of a man is hardly sufficient for judging of a nation, since, admitting he understands the language, if on many an occasion we find the character of particular persons very different from what we have judged before, so, with greater reason, we may mistake the character of a whole nation. In the first period of his residence in Italy, Byron judged of the Italians in a quite different manner from what he did, during the last period of his life. Who can read Alfieri's Misogallo without feeling the injustice of his having written so contemptuously of the nation of Fenelon, Mably, Montesquieu, and so on? How can we find justice among men, if eminent writers depreciate other nations with rashness? In opening a book of Madam Destaël, and reading several praises on Italy, I find the following lines: "In that nation, where one does not think but love, there is not a single romance, because love is so rapid, so public, that it yields no developement: and to pen with reality the general manners on this subject, it would be necessary to begin, and finish in the first page." There are authors, who sometimes prefer to show their wit at the expense of their good sense, since Madam Destaël knowing the life of Dante, Petrarc, Tasso, and many other Italians, she could

not deny that, although Italy has not so great a quantity of romances in prose as the French library, still she has persons of both sexes, whose life was only a long chain of Platonic love. However a romance is only but a plot on which love acts the first part: and if it is so, how can we agree with Madam Destaël for the mere reason the Italian writers had chosen other subjects? But, still, the form implies nothing if the substance is the same: so, if France has romances written in prose, Italy has as many Italian romances in poetry. If every writer, who undertakes to speak badly of some nations have the following just sentiment of Chateaubriand, we would have the satisfaction of not meeting with so much nonsense: "Malgé les nombreuses injustices que Chactas avait eprouvées de la part des Français, il les aimait. Il se sovenait toujours de Fénélon, dont il avait été l'hôte, et desirait pouvoir rendre quelque service aux compatriotes de cet homme vertueux." We know, that Chateaubriand had been the guest of Washington.

CHARLES.

TO LORENZO.

Lausanne.

O ruines! je retournerai vers vous prendre vos leçons! je me replacerai dans la paix de vos solitudes; et là, éloigné du spectacle affligeant des passions, j' aimerai les hommes sur des souvenirs; je m' occuperai de leur bonheur, et le mien se composera de l'idée de l'avoir hâté. *Volney.*

Every thing is now in bloom; and that snow on which I rode on a sledge two months ago has disappeared. In the short space of a century, all these mortals contending for a span of ground will have vanished in the same manner: but, time has no power when history relates to posterity the good, or bad qualities of men.

Yes, I have propensity to think with you. We, perhaps, a small part of the Soul animating the whole creation, are not happy, unless we find a Being able to partake our sentiments.

Compose for me, Lorenzo, a sonnet on the Sepulchre of Santa-Rosa.

OONALASKA.

TO CHARLES.

Richmond.

For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent author of it. *Carter.*

If it were given to me the enjoyment of the love that men attempt to snatch from my grasp; and afterwards, provided I were leaving beyond my grave no stain injuring my honour, I would die

without regret, though I was sure that my spirit would pass into a state of nonentity. Life seems but an ephemeral moment between the infinite passed time and the next to come: so, being it the centre of two infinite extremities, the world must be the beginning, and end for every mortal Being: but, I think this universe has always been, and it will never be destroyed. I believe it is Voltaire, who said: "Nous sommes d'hier, et l'Amérique est de ce matin."

I saw Oonalaska in a dream with all the attractions of her charms! The world now seems to me the garden of Armida. How beautiful, Charles, is the ruin on that mountain! That lightning striking just now the top of that tree, it does not present to my mind tyranny and despotism: I see nothing else in it, but nature falling at the feet of Oonalaska, and worshiping her beauty. Sun of this fine universe; when thou wilt glitter in vain for me, do, tell her, though I was without hope of meeting her on earth, when in my life I turned out of the way of her virtuous sentiments, it was my ignorance of not being able to discern my duty; never willingly!

To-day I read "Gerusalemme Liberata," which had never been delivered from the hands of the Turk into another called the Pope. Misfortune was the inheritance of Tasso. Passions, and sufferings seem the only movers of that genius. In reading the episode of Olindo and Sofronia, I was thinking of the writer's walking with agitation in his room, suffused with tears, stopping from time to

time, and speaking to Eleonora as if she were present. But, suddenly, with eyes cast down, almost breathless, taking the pen, inspired by a divinity, smiling with a tear ready to drop on the paper, and writing these fine lines:

"O sia grazia del ciel che l'umiltade
D' innocente pastor salvi, e sublime,
O che siccome il folgore non cade
In basso pian, ma su l'eccelse cime:
Così il furor di peregrine spade
Sol de' gran re l'altere teste oprime:
Nè gli avidi soldati a preda alletta
La nostra povertá vile e negletta.

What shame for those, who made him pass for a fool! Once, a friend of mine, speaking about geniuses, thought the pre-occupation, or concentrating state in which sometimes a man of talent dives, appears something near to foolishness. A man starting from a profound meditation, seems as one awaking from sleep by a sudden noise; and wishing to speak before his clear ideas be at his command, all he is saying is nothing but absurdities. Reflection having no part in his discourse, a man of a great mind is more apt to talk foolishness, than a real fool.

Yesterday walking in a dale, I found William sitting on a rock in gloomy meditation. "I am, Lorenzo," said he, "like a terrestial bird in the middle of an immense sea, flying in search of land with exhausted wings: but, the more it looks around the wild horizon, the more its piercing eye discovers the flood interminable, and black clouds,

forwarded by lightning, hovering over its head... After a long pause.—Society, he proceeded, is for me the same dreadful ocean! I killed by a vain point of honour the brother of Julia in a duel. When I saw my dearest friend struggling with death, putting my homicidal hand on the wound, I swore to use arms no more."

To-day I read an account of a dreadful execution under the tyrannical laws of Don Miguel: the priests of Christ, after having led to the scaffold seven young men, whose crime was that of having tried the liberty of their country, and getting rid of such a monster, those very ministers, who durst to speak with the moral of Jesus, were afterwards praying in church for the preservation of the tyrant of Portugal.

Please to send the following Sonnet to Oonalaska.

IL SEPOLCRO DI SANTA-ROSA.

Sonetto.

Il fumo che sboccò da tutte l'armi,
Formava in Grecia grande mausoleo:
Cangiando sull' Ausonia in un trofeo,
Qual nuovo Sole il vidi innanzi starmi.
Tre Dive usciro tra funebri carmi,
Scendendo il frale sul colle Euganeo,
Vè già Natura ombrosa grotta feo,
E dorme l'Ortis sotto i freddi marmi.
Ma l'ombra di Canova ch' era accanto
Del suo lavoro al monumento bello,
Baciollo, e l'irrorò di caldo pianto.

Raccolto poscia lo divin scalpello,
Di Caritade incise il voler santo:
"Il Cielo a Santa-Rosa erse l'avello."
LORENZO.

TO OONALASKA.

New-York.

It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of wordly wisdom, not from flowers, but thorns. *Bulwer.*

When I find a man continually at variance with himself, it is with difficulty, that I hinder myself from smiling bitterly, thinking, that at the very moment in which he is searching for a comfortable life, and supposing himself in possession of a harbour, the waves swallow him forever, and lies a miserable wreck. A young lady loses her mother: the silent pains of her heart, prevent the free course of her tears: at length she cries and laughs at the same time: and whilst mourning over the wretchedness of mortal life, we meet with a malicious, conceited, and small minded woman, who, because you did not pay her the vile baseness of a courtier, the next time you have the politeness to pay her a visit, she will either not be at home, sick, or not able to return your kindness in consequence of the indisposition of her child: and though she goes to church, and believes nobody saved out of her creed, she will be very much pleased after such wickedness, and showing superiority towards her

fellow creature. Do you know why? Her boasted religion is not her ruling passion; it is that of despotism. So, when nature spares us from pains, whilst we complain of the wretchedness of our life, we endeavor to torment each other.

There is no reality on this little globe, and sometimes I desire its destruction by coming in contact with some other planets, perhaps worse than this, and bury in a moment our shameful race in which the most cunning triumph over the just. So Byron:

"Some men are worms
In soul more than the living things of tombs."

I have too strong a conviction of the perfection of astronomy for believing a comet might destroy the fine order of it: but, when my imagination, and mankind's perversity exalt my mind, I think with some passages of the Bible, that God cannot be satisfied with our ill-nature. The spectacle of the destruction of this globe, must be a very agreeable, and sublime moment for the virtuous man, who did not find but ingratitude: it is not the spirit of vengeance; it is the pleasure of seeing the end of a planet, in which the best is very often doomed to suffer under the paw of the most cunning animal. Yesterday I felt in my heart the nails of a falcon hovering over me, when my ears were pierced by the dying screams of an innocent bird under its talons.

I hear great many complaining of the ingratitude which man meets with man: but, if they examine their own conscience with equity, they

should find, that while they feel the blows they have received, forget the mortal ones they gave unjustly to their fellow creatures. We have no right to reprehend our injuries, unless our conduct towards others be unblemished. The slightest slip from morality is enough to create thousand disorders in society: and if we were not overruled by the benevolent, and provident nature, the external order of society would have no more allurement for us. The most well disposed man if he is not an angel, by dint of finding himself the victim of his goodness, drinks with it a poison decaying his fine natural qualities; so that, in answering blow for blow, soon finds himself dragged to the level of the very scoundrels, whom at first he was so reluctant to be associated with. So the few aristocrats have their complaints because they cannot tyrannize the plurality: the latter by want of instruction, not being able to revenge their real sufferings, imitate the former upon those, who feel a second rank of inferiority, and so on, one spoil another until that the most abject class of men, by want of finding other inferior of them, when the last spark of moral becomes extinguished in their heart, finding themselves contemned by society, they finish always by giving themselves to crimes, for whom, lawyers have a good opportunity of demonstrating, that, if it happens to find briberies protecting the rascalities of the rich, at least they have laws always exact, and severe, in judging the rabble. So Shakspeare: "The Worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep

him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing." In our present state of society, the man's existence is only a lottery. Society not only do not help the poor; but, every individual turns the back to a man, who has nothing in the world. Bugiardo has some bad goods to sell; and if he does not gain money with it, he must perish: so, he will tell the lie to save himself on such only plank. How can we call society a compound of bustling human creatures, leaving the poor struggling with necessity, when in helping him, it would turn not only on his favour, but on the happiness of the whole commonwealth? In a country like this, wanting population, we find suicides as frequent as in Europe. This country, Oonalaska, though, at my notion, is the most promising throughout the world, still she wants better administration. Yesterday, passing by Maiden-lane, seeing a track of blood crossing the street, I went to a crowd surrounding the dead body of a merchant, who cut his throat when he found himself failed in his business.

For what reason Machiavelli the teacher of Buonaparte, has not the thousandth part of admirers of his pupil, if it were not by having taken no advantage with depriving society of her rights, and turning it into his favour by the superiority of his mind? A musician becomes rich by the exertion of his art; and people will not only prefer him to a philosopher, whose reason improves their own happiness; but, their blind ignorance will force

them to call such a philanthropist an exalted man, or a fool. Human praises spring from success, not from real intrinsic merit: and "I patimenti dei grandi uomini formano la felicità del genere umano."

A day after another leads us where? Indeed I do not know: but, if we come on this earth only to kick and cuff each other, what kind of existence is ours, if not a pestiferous exalation of hell, leaving, behind its paths, indelible traces of death? When we shall lie in the common abode of lethargy from whence we came to this life, our past, painful, or delightful existence will be alike for us: but, some in reality, and some by imagination, we may say, few have the fortune to call this earth an Eden. We are sociable creatures by selfishness: and still, what kind of sociability, if continually in guard one against another? Then silence, while it seems proceeding from a want of confidence, it is because we fear to lose our respectability in the sight of fellows always ready to take advantage on the goodness, and innocent abandonment of another.

If nature were giving us in a moment a sense bringing into light our secret thoughts, few would stay in public without shame. However, sciences and arts going on, whilst are purifing the human heart, are always clearing the clouds of ignorance, superstition, and hypocrisy, three evils leading mankind into such a hellish confusion, that man thinks foolishness to follow integrity. But, they may chain Prometheus on the top of

Caucasus, and leave him the prey of ravens; they may forsake Columbus begging bread for his son; cast Galileo into a dungeon, and leave Thomas Paine dying on the straw: but, people will always learn, that Jupiter was a tyrant, the Scripture's writers less mathematicians than Columbus, that the earth turns around the sun, and Paine a true citizen.

The love of ourselves being a natural instinct for our conservation, it should be the mover of all fine actions, if it were based on true principles of society. But, it is painful for those, who, knowing the source of inexhausted pleasures, that the human compact might possess, see at the same time the impossibility to reach it among flocks of ignorants. Improvements rose but with our reason; and our interest turns on our loss, when it is not bound with the happiness of the whole mankind. This common interest is what wise men call love of true glory.

Though our social improvements are too slow for the suffering virtue, still, we are always going a step towards perfection. From the fall of a nation, another learns, and becomes wiser: this falls, the other rises: but, history stands there a monument of light which is only offending the sight of owls, and bats. It will come the day in which every man finding his own interest on the way of integrity, the selfish eloquence of rascals will be scorned, and trampled by an enlightened people. It is with sorrow of mind I find among Americans too much anxiety of money. If this wise govern-

ment were encouraging superior men on every side of the United States to deliver public lectures on history, showing to the people the evil of the times which are past, America would become the pole-star of a true Republic. All she wants now, it is instruction.

Who would have believed, before the invention of vessels, that man would have sailed around the globe? And now, who would believe our age or posterity will find the means of swimming in the air? Till now the attempts of going against the wind have failed: but, if I were a mechanic, I would cónstrue a balloon in the shape of a fish; and by means of a machine, I would move the fins in several directions. It seems to me it would not be difficult to swim against the airy element as the fishes do against the most rapid waterfalls.

Yes, you are right, Oonalaska; in private life, very seldom a man can judge another, our feelings being so disparate as the sound of human voices: still, if every sensible man were obliged to answer at every displeasure he meets in society, he should be obliged to use very often the sword, or pistol. We are always in contradiction by want of understanding. Once, I was praising with Catholics the virtue of Brutus when he supported with heroism the death of his sons: and such christians, who could not comprehend, and thought unnatural a father condemning his children to death, sustained with all their energy that hereafter we might see in hell our father, mother, sons, and wife without the least pain, if God have condemned them.

I find in the Alcoran the same stoicism. "O croyans! cessez d'aimer vos pères, vos frères s'ils préfèrent l'incrédulité à la fois. Si vous les aimez, vous deviendrez pervers. Si vos pères, vos enfans, vos frères, vos epouses, vos parens, les richesses que vous avez acquises, le commerce dont vous craignez la ruine, vos habitations chéries ont plus d'empire sur vos cœurs que Dieu, son envoyé, et la guerre sainte, attendez le judgement du Très-Haut."

P. S. Bran my only, and faithful companion of my misfortune is so much attached to me, that I find no language apt to explain this dog's feeling. Whilst I write this letter, his head is on my knees. The sagacity of this animal is beyond comprehension. I heard always this dog growling every time a man, whom I thought honest, came in my room; I heard afterwards he is a swindler, and cheated me out of twenty dollars.

I went to pay a visit to the tomb of my friend C.....I put a wreath of perpetual flowers on his modest cross, bearing his name, and made a little garden on the small piece of ground covering his remain. But, whilst I was engaged in such a pious ceremony, my eyes did neither contemplate the immense void of the skies, nor I did think of my infancy's feeble prayers. His lively existence is gone like a river, which receives motion by dashing against rocks on a declivity. Enjoyments, and sorrows were the rocks which gave him existence, until he found in the vale of death a monotonous silence.

Yes, Oonalaska, Ada was not only beautiful; but, the qualities of her mind were such, that you would have found in her a sincere friend. Far from being, as often we see silly girls, full of presumption, always pleased whenever they can show before the object of their thoughts, that their religion does not go so far as to correct their uncivil carelessness towards the politeness of a friendless gentleman. Her disposition was retiring, and conciliatory. In her whole life she never committed intentionally a single unkind deed, or thought towards her fellow being. When, by distraction, Ada believed she had not reciprocated the attentions of those around her, she was thoughtful, and mortified; but reconciliation immediately illumined her divine countenance with joy, and gratification. One day, Ada, Charles, and myself having proposed to go on the top of a mountain, not far from her father's house, Charles finding Ada on the out door, offered her his arm. Though she wanted to be with me, her gentility did not permit her to refuse the mere politeness of Charles. On reaching the top of the mountain, we found a Chapel surrounded of tombs, and under the altar, the grave of her younger sister, which she drew my attention to, with tears rolling down her cheeks. She kneeled down, and prayed so fervently, that I was prompted to do the same. On rising, she took my hand, and led me silently to the ground fresh moved, in which lay one of my friends, a few days before deceased, over which our aspirations commingled!.... And now, where is Ada?—In

the grave with her sister! Few know that sacred place, and perhaps nobody has now a friendly recollection of Ada. I passed one night on her cold tombstone; and I felt her spirit hovering around me, and caressing my forehead.—I heard the angelic sound of her voice; and told in my ear, that I would have been unhappy all my life, because I dare to speak truth among men unable of understanding me. Never mind, Oonalaska, now that the sufferings became my clement, as I think with the following lines of Chateaubriand, let the prophecy of Ada be fulfilled: "Mais qu'importent la mort, et les revers, si notre nom, prononcé dans la postérité, va faire battre un cœur généreux deux mille ans après notre vie?"

You are one of those angels, Oonalaska, that God sends from time to time to teach us we are sons of heaven. All professors of Divinity may say every thing they will on the wickedness of mankind: but, around the worthy, I breathe an embalmed air which opens my heart, and then I am not ashamed to be a man.

LORENZO.

TO CHARLES.

New-York.

Non nihil aspersis gaudet amor lacrymis.

All fine qualities were united in her. She was reading on a chair near the window, from which is seen the fine prospect of a chain of mountains loosing itself in the clouds, and at the right, un-

dulating hills, which, decreasing with the distance, terminate in a vast plain, the ending of which, is the shore of an interminable sea. Her hair was veiling her dazzling countenance; and the tears dropping from her large eyes, were like the morning dews on the queen of flowers. O, why did I not breathe that sweet sigh which embalmed the air with heavenly fragrance? And to whom was directed her sigh!...Her heart is formed to feel for sufferers. I shall recollect all my life when she spoke with those, who were detracting the character of poor Henry, her words sound yet in my heart. "Genius is banished," she said, "where luxury is introduced; and love is a chimera where merit is not appreciated. By a certain impulse, natural to us, we join house to house: but selfishness makes divisions between us. Man lives with man, not by having his character assimilated to his own; but, because fortune permitted him to have the same quantity of servants. Look on the people of Geneva, whilst they call themselves republicans, they are not ashamed to repeat the aristocratical phrase: 'Gens du haut.' Every body endeavours to obtain the rich man's friendship for no other motive than that of having his consideration, which, as they believe, it may turn in favour of their increasing property: but, they do not think they are gathering flowers on a precipice, instead of taking them on an even meadow." Angel of my suffering heart, excuse if I tremble for thy virtue; but, how can I be calm, whilst thy boat is passing between Scylla, and Charybdis?

Charles, when I think on thy friendship, on the pure love of Oonalaska, and the tender affection of my family, no, I cannot be unhappy. The morning walk with Oonalaska near Lausanne, is always in my imagination.

Leaving our company behind, we reached the top of the hill; She was leaning on my arm shaded with her hair, which like a black veil hanged loosened on her shoulders: her left hand was in mine; and silently waiting the rising sun, her large eyes were steadily fixed on the morning star. My God, if the enjoyments of blissful regions are not like the pleasure I felt in her lovely tears, let me live a single year in the rapturous delight of her love, and I renounce forever to the heavenly immortality of my soul. After so great a favour, shall I ask of thee an endless happiness? Whenever I think of her I feel this life of cares, difficulties, and adversities, changed into a delightful Eden; and every thing smiling around me. How, Almighty, without Oonalaska would I be able to admire thy greatness, and worship thy glory? She is the image of thy Divinity. In her, I feel the love of my God; and when forlorn I think to the solitary place, now consecrated with her tears, I often find myself involuntarily on my knees adoring the Creator. When I feel in my dreams her rosy lips pressing my mouth, suddenly it awakes me, and I feel the existence of a God.

LORENZO.

From the above letters with some unconnected thoughts of our hero, we argue, that, though he

avoid to speak of himself, his life having been tossed by great many misfortunes it would afford great interest if related. He migrated almost around the world; and when he heard Mr. Ethelbert's family went to England, he returned to Switzerland among his old acquaintances.

He used to board in a house, where the pretty daughter of the landlady when had either said Walter Scott, Byron, Madam Cottin, or Destaël are fine writers, she thought it was enough to show the acuteness of her intellect: and whilst every body admired the volubility of her tongue in praising such, and such preacher, she did never lose the opportunity of presenting Lorenzo, when absent, with manners injuring his reputation, because, when Lorenzo was at the dinner table, he was sometimes so much abstracted, that he forgot all petty attentions which a gentleman is often compel to use. Her mother's conversation would have tired the most benevolent hearer with her incessant praises about her daughter: a fop, who believed all ladies were in love with his pretty long person, and ten thousand livres a year; and a widower, who wanting to get a young wife to give instruction to his large daughters, whose discourse, when his sweet-heart was present, rolled on his bravery, and his ability of shooting a fox at the distance of two hundred yards, were all the boarders, besides Lorenzo, of that fashionable house. But, as our hero was silent, and thoughtful, he did not mind such self conceited creatures sneering on his back.

One of the most uncharitable sin of human society, it will always be the pleasure of the envious

disregarding the absent. The superiority of Lorenzo was such, that persons of small education could put no price on his fine qualities: and, though they could not deny his superiority when he was present, in the long course of his absence, several malevolent creatures prevailed in such a manner against him, that in arriving thither, even great many of his friends received him with coolness, and indifference.

One evening Lorenzo being in a large circle of ladies, and gentlemen, Mr Hugo, the very one, as we have related, whom was knocked down by our hero when they were school boys, was speaking of Mr Ethelbert, as an Englishman unworthy his country by having sentiments against liberty. Lorenzo, who was speaking with a young lady, intimate friend of Oonalaska, hearing to disregard her father, could not forbear from remarking to the detractor, that what seemed to Mr Hugo deserving reprobation, would perhaps be for Mr Ethelbert the most meritorious, and good intention towards his country.

"You would not defend Mr Ethelbert, sir, if you were not in love with his daughter."

"Your answer, sir, deserves to be reproved, since, suppose I love Miss Oonalaska, it is not your inspection to publish it. But, if I defend Mr Ethelbert, it might be either for the love of his daughter, or for the propensity of defending an absent gentleman."

"You speak like a brave man, Mr Lorenzo; but, we know very well, that if you were so, when we

were boys, your character has changed great deal in your manhood."

"It is, perhaps, such a conviction which gives you boldness. Did you ever read Spurzheim?"

"Yes, sir; but, though your skull announces a man of genius, I would not stick for your courage."

"It is the first time, sir, I hear praising my skull. But, in answer to your doubting of my courage, I would say, it is a hard matter to judge one's courage. I do not know if the theory of Spurzheim is a good one to judge human character: but, whatever it may be, I find in his books many things deserving the attention of those, who want study human nature. He says, there are different combinations of causes, which form the character of man: for instance, we cannot say that man is wanting courage, because in many an occasion he acted with prudence. The protuberance indicating courage being larger than any body else: but, that of benevolence being superior, he will always check his self-esteem, when he finds himself on the way of being a murderer."

"Your language is that of a coward defending his pusillanimity: but, since your benevolence checks your self-esteem, I may say, without danger, before these ladies, and gentlemen, that Mr Ethelbert is a scoundrel, as well as any body wishing to protect him."

"Whilst you name ladies, and gentlemen, sir, you bring to my recollection that, as I am before a respectable company, I cannot use your mean expressions."

Lorenzo withdrew; and on the next morning the following letter was sent:

TO HUGO.

Geneva.

I have marked a brave spirit succeed in buffeting its way out of its adversities; and I have seen as brave a one overcome by them, and falling vanquished, even with the sword of resolution gleaming in its grasp; for there are combinations of evil against which no human energies can make a stand.

The Diary of a late Physician.

If it were not my duty to defend an absent friend of mine, who would not pass an insult unrevenged, your conduct being contemptible, for my own part, I think it deserves not my resentment.—You are under obligation to retract your slander, and acknowledge beforc the same society, that Mr Ethelbert is a gentleman of respect, and esteem, otherwise you know very well, that your language of yesterday evening deserves no benevolence towards you.

LORENZO.

TO LORENZO.

Geneva.

To-morrow morning at 6 o'clock I am at Ferney's tavern to your invitation with a brace of pistols, which we must discharge at the distance of pocket handkerchief.

HUGO.

TO LORENZO.

Geneva.

Yesterday evening I wanted to leave the society with you: but, I thought proper to stay, and prevent any further slander. Robinson, the American gentleman, spoke a long time in your favour, and said, nobody would call Lorenzo a coward, if he had seen you as he did, when you jumped in the middle of New-York's bay to rescue a boy, who fell in the water, and bring him with difficulty on the shore.

To-day I heard great many reproaching the behaviour of Hugo: he could not find here a single person willing to be his stickler. The whole town turned him the back.

GARNERI.

TO CHARLES.

Geneva.

Hearing you are in Saint-Etienne, I hurry you this letter.—I am dragged to a duel with Hugo, and want you in Ferney to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock.

LORENZO.

Charles received the letter of his friend in the evening, mounted immediately his horse, and went to Geneva. In reaching the house, he asked the landlady information of Lorenzo.

"He is just gone to bed, said she: the servant told me he wrote letters all the evening."

Charles went to his bed-room; and finding his friend in a quiet slumber, sat next his bed, and signed the servant to go without noise.

At day-break the carriages through the streets, awaked our hero, who found his dear Charles by him.

"Charles, how long since are you here?"

At his voice, Charles embraced Lorenzo without uttering a syllable.

"Have you any news of my sisters,and brothers, Charles?"

"Yes, they are all well."

"God bless them. When I shall be no more, give them those letters I left on that table. See from the window what kind of weather is it."

"It is very damp."

"What hour is it!"

"Five o'clock."

"Let us go out. Did you come on horseback!"

"Yes."

"Well, Charles, let us ride to Ferney."

In a moment they got on their horses: and before reaching Coutance, they stopped a little on the bridge.

"Before this blue water, Charles, will have reached Bellegarde, where loses itself under the rocks for some while, I shall have ceased thinking of Oonalaska, and the hope at once of seeing her again. Death should be nothing for me, if she were not in this side of the grave."

"That scoundrel ought to fight with me before. When we were boys he would have beat me to

death without your interference. Besides, Ethelbert not only is one of my countrymen; but, he was a friend of mine before you were acquainted with him."

"I would not have called you, if your intention is to broil yourself with my antagonist.—If you do not promise me your coolness, and after my death to renounce any hatred against him, let me go alone.

"But, Lorenzo!"

"No, Charles, I insist. I would die unhappy if you do not promise me to take no revenge after me."

"Well, I shall not displease you!"

They were now out of the gate of the city, and Lorenzo indicating Les Paquis,

"There, said he to his friend, Oonalaska gave me this ring. When they will bury me, let nobody take it off from my finger. It is the promise of our unfortunate love. You will find Bran chained in the stable: it is a present of Oonalaska to me, which now I make a present to you, Charles: he is one of the largest dogs I have seen. I thought proper not to take him with us, because if he sees me falling on the ground, he would eat my antagonist."

They reached Ferney; and did not stay a quarter of an hour in the tavern, when Hugo with a certain Rolland came in; and without uttering a word to Lorenzo, or Charles, Hugo swallowed up a full glass of pure brandy which, as it seemed, was not the first he had drunk in that awful morn-

ing. Rolland in going out with Hugo, told their antagonists they were going in the wood.

"Will you take any stimulant, Lorenzo?"

"No, my dear."

"Though I do believe that wretch is tired of his life, I saw in a corner of his eyes, that he does not face death as he pretended: and, I do opine, if he were not drunk, he would retract."

They followed their antagonists. It was quite a sublime, and awful moment in seeing the heart-aching pains of Charles graved on his manly, and noble countenance, whilst the smooth, calm, firm, and cheerful Lorenzo was endeavouring to cheer his friend with his sound reason. In seeing the interest of those two noble friends they had for each other, you would have thought it was Charles, who was going to death; not Lorenzo. It is always on the brink of danger, that a great man shows the sublimity of his mind. At first he is careful, and prudent: but, when the step is done, he stands like a rock. In reaching their adversaries, Charles said to Rolland, that he was not come into such a place to be a spectator of a decided murder, and wanted to put them at the distance of chance.

"No, sir, uttered Hugo with the accent of a drunkard: the only chance is the snapping of the pistols. But I took all precautions to prevent it."

"Charles, said Lorenzo, do recollect your promise."

The mouths of their pistols were almost touching the breast of each other. A striking contrast was in the faces of the two antagonists: terror,

hatred, and despair was printed in that of Hugo; whilst in Lorenzo's it was a heavenly serenity of pure conscience; he looked like an Angel fighting with Satan. At the command of three, the only pistol of Hugo was fired: and Lorenzo still holding his cocked pistol in his hand, fell in the arms of Charles.

"Charles, prevent the news of my death to be referred to Oonalaska.....If, in spite of your friendly interference, it will reach her ear, tell her, that in dying by such a death, contrary to her, and my principles, I did never have the less sentiment to murder my adversary, and that I want no other blessing but her forgiveness. Farewell, dear Charles!"

His pistol dropped; and, in shaking the hand of his friend, he expired with a smile on his lips. Among the letters he wrote the evening before, we shall produce the following, which Charles sent to Hugo.

TO CHARLES.

Geneva.

I thought it was a sad life, when we must be always obliged to be killing our fellow-creatures to preserve ourselves; and indeed, I think so still, and I would even now, suffer a great deal, rather than I would take away the life even of the worst person injuring me. I believe, also, all considering people, who know the value of life, would be of my opinion, if they entered seriously into the consideration of it.

Daniel De Foe.

Whilst you read this letter, the world has no more allurements for me: and the fire of the illustrious geniuses, and philosophers can warm my

heart no more. I leave on this earth an object, which the whole world is nothing in comparison, an Angel; my Love; Oonalaska behind me! But, if I do not follow the plurality's sentiment, I should be considered a coward; and then, what kind of existence would be mine, I, whom am dependent from society? Indeed, it is very wrong to judge the courage of a man with so an unreasonable, and bad action. Dear Charles, I disapprove what society compels me to do. But, I have nothing, nothing on earth now but my honour!...He slandered the father of Oonalaska....Well; since my moral defends me to be a murderer, you will find my pistol loaded, by me: he is a wretch; but, he has a family; he must live for her sake. If we have another existence after this miserable one, and my example can touch his conscience, by leaving him time to become better, it might be still a place in heaven for him. If you wish bless my grave on this strange country, do not revenge the blood of your friend

LORENZO!

TO CHARLES.

Geneva.

Il n'y a point de haine qu'on ne dsarme a force de douceur, et de bons procédés; au lieu qu'au contraire la haine des méchans ne fait que s'animer davantage par l'impossibilité de trouver sur quoi la fonder. *J. J. Rousseau.*

The magnanimity of Lorenzo, sir, touches me in so a delicate part of my heart, that I should be the most wretched creature on earth, if I do not

confess to all the world a crime which is buried in my bosom. As you were the most intimate friend of Lorenzo, it is useless to tell you, sir, that I have killed the most virtuous young man: still, you do not know all the deeds of Lorenzo! I would not finish, if I were to relate you, the heroic actions of Lorenzo at my only notice: and though I accused my worthy countryman of cowardice, as I did see him in Italy to behave himself like a hero in the most difficult occasions, I did never have the less sensation of doubting his bravery. But, since I deprived society of so useful a member, my confession, will stop, at least, so many badly grounded braveries of duel.

Though, sir, I was challenged by Lorenzo, it is I, who drove so an honourable young man to such an excess. I loved Oonalaska; and finding myself refused, and her father not receiving my visits, at first I projected to kill Mr Ethelbert, and myself: but, thinking that so unnatural death would have stained, in the mind of the people, my recollection with horrour, and detestation, I forced my rival Lorenzo to deliver me from a life which became every day most insupportable to me. God has punished me in sparing my miserable existence. But, if it will be given me to imitate a single virtue of Lorenzo, I will exert the greatest penance of my remaining days.

HUGO.

Charles after having put in order every thing of his friend, went back to Italy, and induced the

brothers, and sisters of Lorenzo to settle in England. In reaching Calais, not being able to find Bran, Charles announced a high premium for any one, who would have brought his dog saved to him. After two months, Bran was found dead on the tomb-stone of Lorenzo, with a piece of his strong chain around his neck. By order of Charles, he was buried by Lorenzo's grave.

E quelle parole frizzavano sull'anima della poveretta, come lo scorrere d'una mano ruvida sur una ferita. *Manzoni.*

All friendly attentions of Charles, could not prevent the terrible new from the ears of Oonalaska. For several days she could neither speak, eat, sleep, nor cry: her situation was the most dreadful. At length, she burst into laughing, and crying at a time: and after a year of silent sadness, and consumption we shall transcribe her last following words.

" O, my father, my father, Lorenzo died for you! Don't you see yonder? O, take away that bloody man! He is covered with the blood of Lorenzo.—Mother, this world is a very wretched one!—Lorenzo, in a few minutes, I am with you. Beyond that star, Lorenzo, no father has right to prevent me from being with you; beyond that star, no slanderer will be able to stain your reputation: the depravity, malignity, and envy of this human race is to be washed out: your integrity, your virtue, Lorenzo, will not only appear to the eyes of your Oonalaska; there, every one will see the excellence of your soul.—Father, mother, don't you

that man dressed in black? His soul is black as his gown! He has endeavoured to stain the reputation of Lorenzo, whilst he called himself a minister of Christ. Father, if I spoke any unkind word to you, do, forgive your wretched child. Mother, you did never give me the less displeasure through whole my life. Father, mother, fare you well: don't cry for your only child! I am flying into the arms of Lorenzo: don't you see? He opens his arms to receive me! Do not cry! The affection of Lorenzo is that of a father, mother, brother, sister; he did never deceive me; he has always been kind to me; he is my best friend, my love."

She expired in the arms of her father, and mother, who seemed dying with her.

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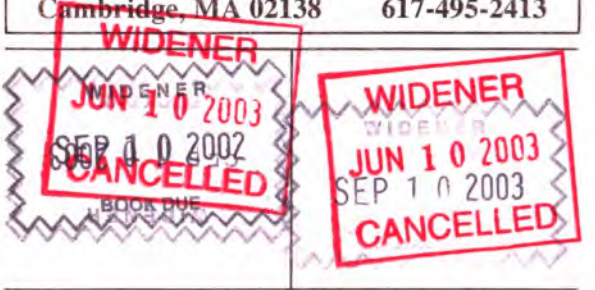

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